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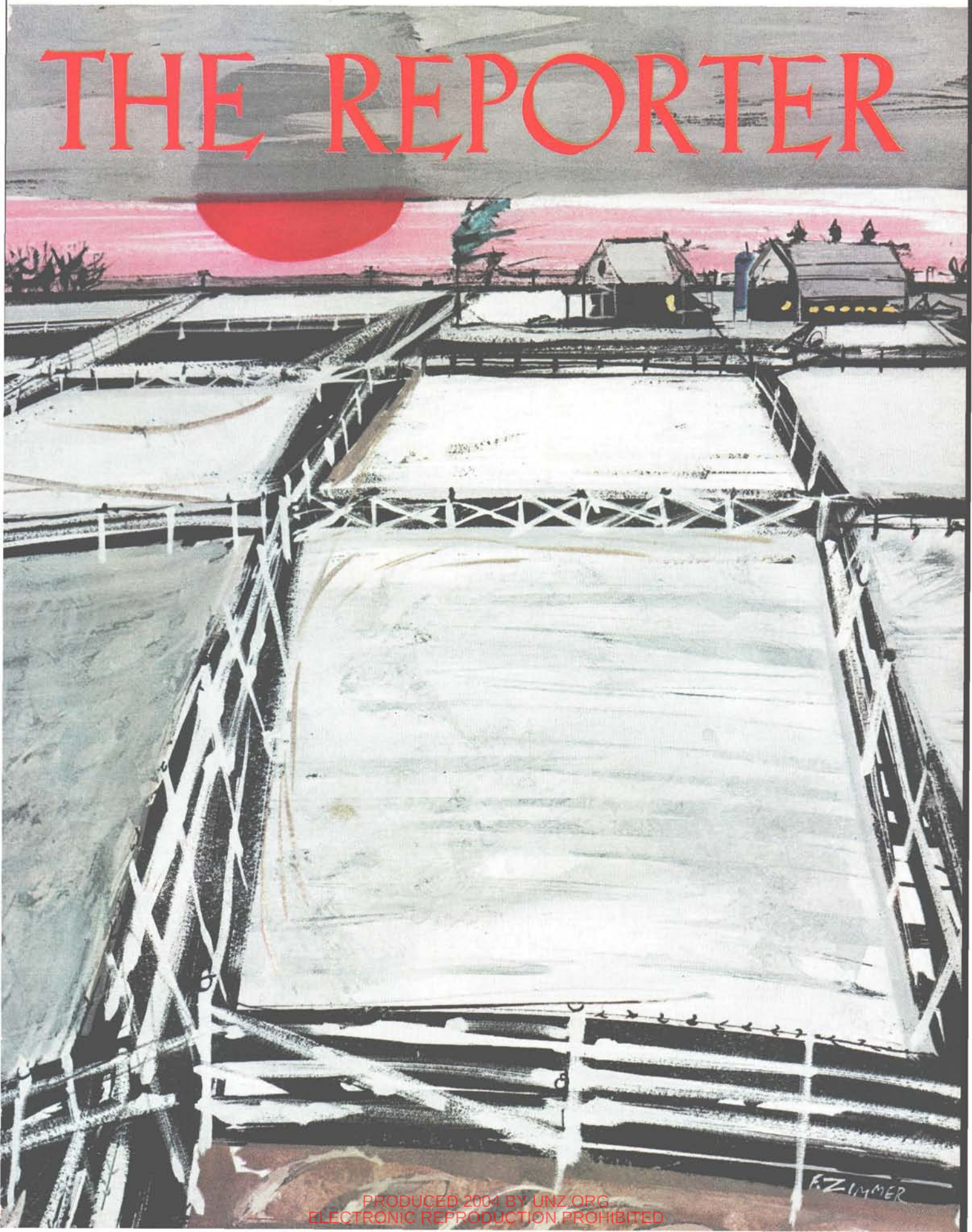
THE REPORTER



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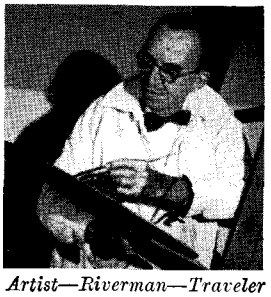

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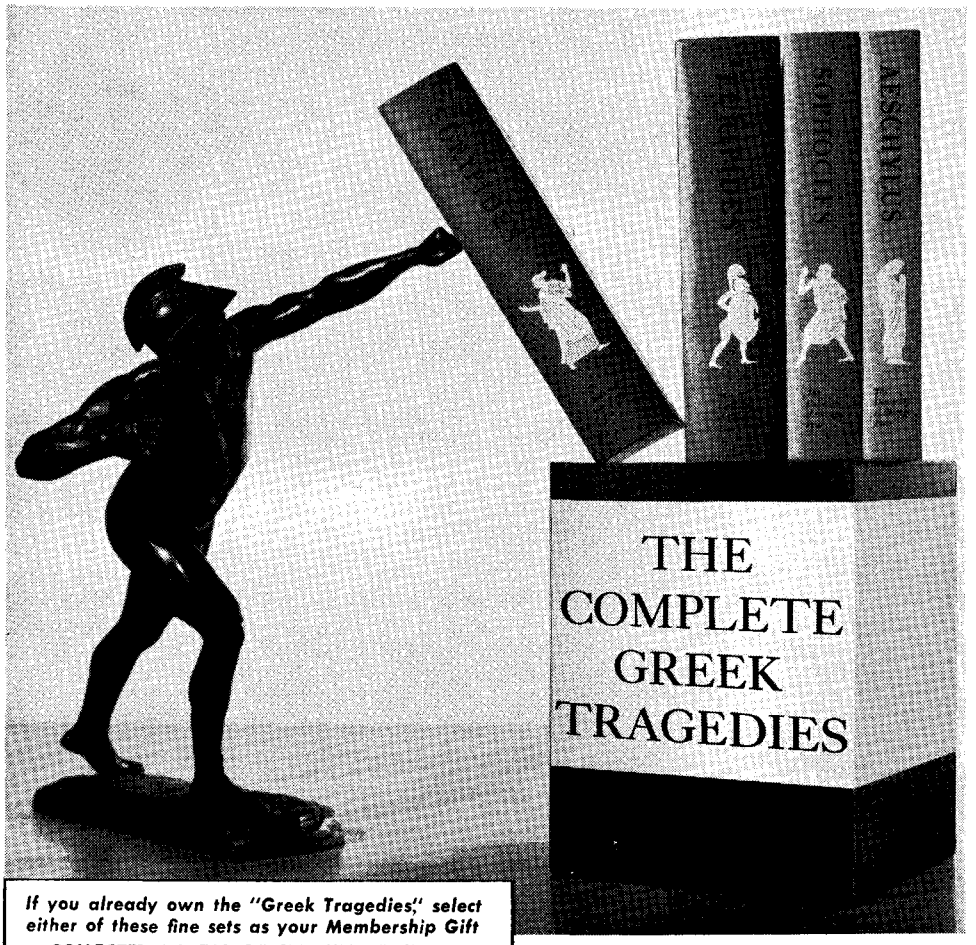

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Congress Is Back

In the fussily ornate President's Room just off the Senate Chamber, where painted cupids hover on the ceiling, the game of politics has resumed. But there is a difference. The bugles of the Presidential race drown out the droning of lawmaking in this little room where politicians and the press hold constant communion.

Over in a corner, a wire-service reporter talks gently with Richard Russell (D., Georgia), chairman of the Armed Services Committee; in another, John Sherman Cooper (R., Kentucky) huddles with a correspondent from his state. Then Hubert Humphrey enters, closely followed by a clutch of reporters, and the place comes alive. Humphrey is just back from a flying trip to Wisconsin, where he ran into a blizzard and presumably a few supporters. He professes to be highly pleased with conditions there. He challenges Kennedy to a "Lincoln-Douglas" debate during the primary contest. What will be the issues? He is confident that before voting time arrives on April 5 there will be a number of matters on which the good people of Wisconsin can make a choice.

After Humphrey leaves, the reporters call Kennedy off the Senate floor. He is at something of a disadvantage because he is saving his news until the next day, when he plans to fly out to Wisconsin to announce his entry in the primary. He too is confident that as time goes on a number of issues will shape up between him and Humphrey. (Senator Kennedy later declined the invitation to debate on the ground that he and Senator Humphrey were both "liberal Democrats" and therefore would agree on all basic issues.)

Both men seem a bit jaded before the primary ordeal has even begun. There is a glassiness about the eyes, a tenseness of facial expression which they try to conceal in the simulated bonhomie of the press conference. Off in his majority leader's office, Lyndon Johnson, though not a declared candidate, also seems tense and testy to the reporters. He is hurrying to catch a late-afternoon plane for Chicago, where he is to make a speech. From there he is going to New York for another. The duplicating machine has broken down, and there is a last-minute crisis over whether the speech texts will be ready in time. Finally, Johnson hurries off alone in the cold and murky weather to the airport.

There is something sad about these feverish preparations for an election year that has begun much too soon. The dead of winter was never meant for campaigning. For the Democrats the business of choosing a President seems to be turning into a marathon destined to leave the nominee worn to a frazzle.

For the Republicans there is no such bother. A friendly doorkeeper to the Senate remarks that Vice-President Nixon, who is an occasional visitor there, dropped in briefly the previous day. "He was looking ten years younger."

Diplomatic Note

The following text will undoubtedly be released sometime during the next few months:

To: The Hon. Secretary of State
Washington, D.C.

FROM: The Hon. Foreign Minister
Uncommittedville, Afrabsia

In presenting my government's compliments to Your Excellency and desiring also to convey the Afrabsian people's eternal gratitude to the people of the United States for the perfectly splendid four-lane highway that has recently been completed from our principal seaport into the interior, I must respectfully inform Your Excellency that if the current

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"In a speech to the Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Chamber of Commerce . . . , Secretary of Commerce Frederick H. Mueller undertook a description of the state of the union ten years ago, as follows:

"Sour-bellied left-wingers fomented the class struggle. Pink-tinted pundits . . . scoffed at the value of private initiative . . ." —*New York* Times

Thinner and fewer the flatulent flock,
In vain do we watch for Leftwingers,
The Pinktinted Pundits have gone out of stock,
Along with the Redthroated Ringers.

The Balancing Budget is heard in the land,
The Stockmarket chirps in the branches,
The Bankerbirds come and eat out of your hand
And roost in your split-level ranches.

O hark to the trilling in every tree
As the Fatbellies nest in the nation!
Who cares if their concert is slightly off key
When their public is under sedation?

—SEC

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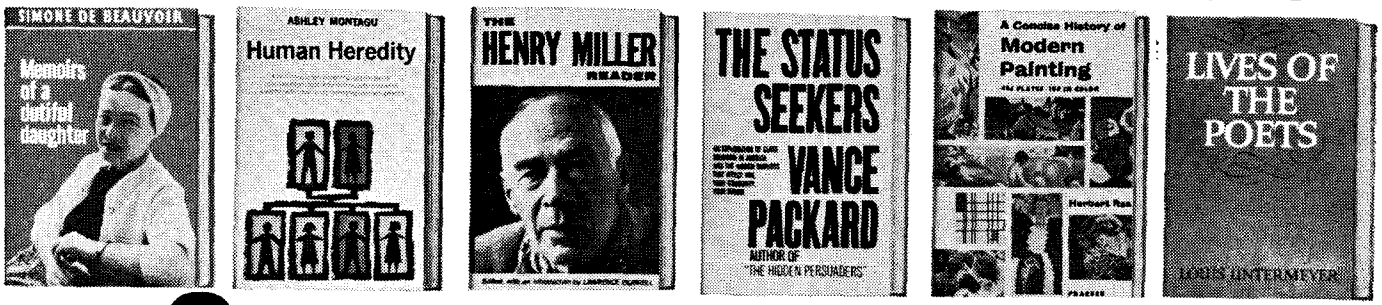

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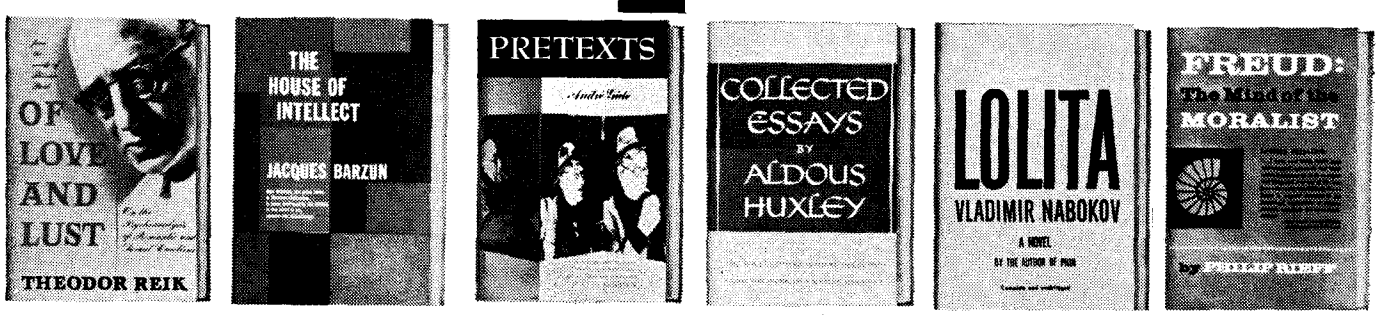

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crisis in diplomatic relations between our two sovereign nations is not resolved to the satisfaction of my government, the only alternative left open to our sovereign people will be an immediate declaration of war. We may even send back the perfectly splendid atomic reactor you gave us last month. (Incidentally, how do you make it go? Nobody here can make head or tail out of the instruction booklet that came with it.)

Your Excellency is of course well aware of the grave situation to which I have the honor to direct your attention most respectfully. At last reckoning, your esteemed and beloved President has made good-will visits to several dozen nations in this part of the world, many of which, I must point out, achieved their independence even after we did and others of which, I hasten to assure Your Excellency, are not one bit more uncommitted than we are in the cataclysmic struggle between freedom and tyranny which Your Excellency has generously described to us so frequently and so eloquently. If it is Your Excellency's intention by this shocking oversight to make a laughingstock of the sovereign nation of Afrabsia, let me assure Your Excellency most respectfully that we simply won't put up with it. As Your Excellency is no doubt aware, a Certain Power has made it pretty clear that the funds can be found to build a pretty big dam here in Afrabsia any time we say the word—provided, of course, that we can find a river with enough water in it.

Let me conclude by assuring Your Excellency that if your engineer chaps will just pave another two or three hundred acres onto our national airport, it will be convenient for us to receive your esteemed and beloved President any time this spring. If there is any delay, however, I can offer no assurance that our loyal American-trained constabulary will be able to control the mob, even with the perfectly splendid new tanks you sent us last year, and our only alternative, as I had the honor to inform Your Excellency above, will be to declare war. The age of imperialism is at an end, and the people of Afrabsia demand the decent respect of mankind in the form of a good-will visit from your esteemed and beloved President.

I have the honor to remain, etc.

P.S. The new road is perfectly splendid and we certainly appreciate the trouble your engineer chaps had in getting it through the swamps and bushes of the interior. All we need now is a few million dollars to build something at the end of the road. How about it?

These Things Were Said

¶ A Swedish psychoanalyst, Dr. Nils Haak, who has written extensively on the importance of high fees, says the belief that what is cheap is of little value is deeply rooted in the human mind. He argues that by demanding a high fee, the analyst appears to the patient as a forthright individual who dares to be honest about money. This makes the analyst a fine person for the patient to emulate. A high fee, Haak says, also prevents the patient from feeling infantile and becoming dependent upon his analyst. For the neurotic patient who likes to hurt himself, the making of large payments to the analyst, according to the Swedish doctor, is an excellent outlet for neurotic feelings. If the analyst were to allow the patient to pay only a small fee, it might give him a humiliating sense of gratitude that would interfere with his therapy. There is also the attitude of the analyst to consider, according to Dr. Haak. If he charges a low fee, the analyst may begin to doubt his own motives for doing so. He might wonder whether he is in love with his patient, or if he really hates the patient and is trying to cover up by being kind. This sort of thing can seriously interfere with the analyst's ability to help.—*Roland H. Berg, Medical Editor, in Look.*

¶ Last week, as in every week in human history, in the best of times and in the worst of times, the leaders of the world's nations played out their separate parts.—*Lead sentence in Time.*

¶ I hope that our friendship continues in this way through the next century, without even a few years such as those which blotted our relations in the past.—*Japanese Premier Nobusuke Kishi in a toast to President Eisenhower.*

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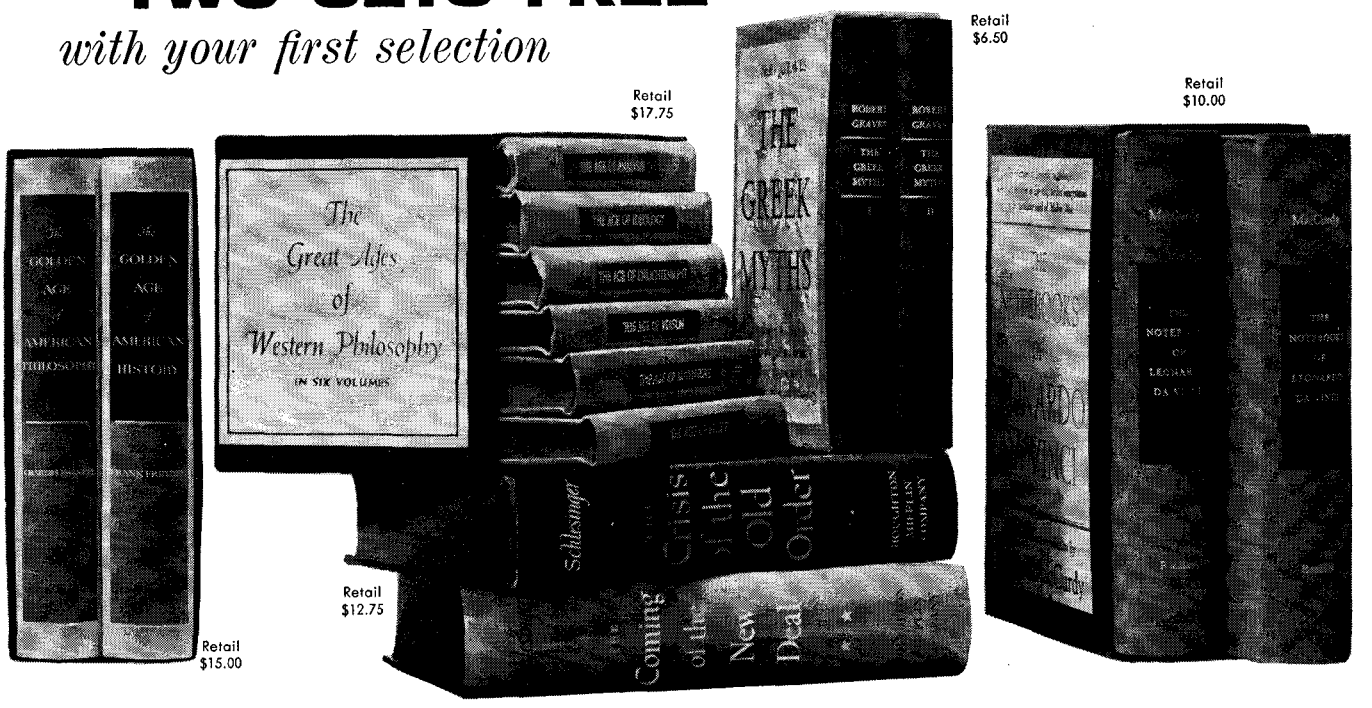

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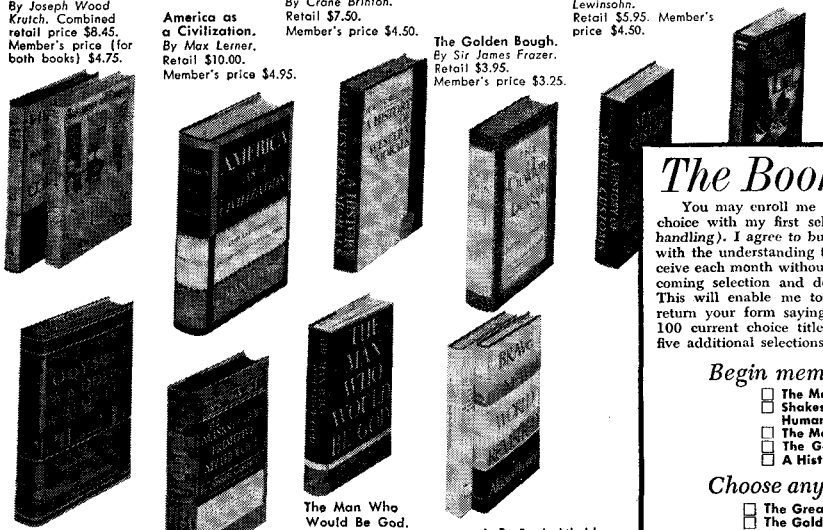

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TALKING BACK TO AFRICA

ERIC SEVAREID

Politically, this is black Africa's season in the sun. Country after country is erupting into independence and Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan symbolically represents, not just Britain, but the whole white race on his journey. Into his ears are poured the hopes, fears, denunciations, the praise, the big visions, the petty recriminations.

The first British prime minister ever to visit black Africa while in office has undoubtedly been told all that is wrong with the western white man, his past record, his present fumbling. And much of this he cannot gainsay. There is not much point in trying to argue back; the climate is not propitious for telling the newly educated, excited Africans that when the Lord shared our faults among mankind he did not exempt them any more than the whites. But if Macmillan did choose to meet their advice with counter-advice, we suspect he would feel an urge to say the same things that other westerners of good will have often desired to say to the new Africans. Such things as these:

A whole race cannot be condemned, not even the white race. Guilt is individual; you cannot hold me responsible for the slave trade conducted by my ancestors any more than I can hold you responsible for the slavery conducted by your ancestors long before the white man came to Africa.

Most of you are getting your independence at the negotiating table; many western countries had to fight for it, in most terrible wars. Self-pity is not among the noblest traits of man.

Remember that democracy is the most difficult form of government that ever existed. Freedom from white rule will not guarantee that you as individuals will be free men. Already, in your parties and groups, you give signs of turning upon one another with most repressive measures. Many of you, especially the educated, suffer from what psychologists call the "illusion of the central position." You think the future of mankind depends upon what happens in Africa. This is doubtful. Relax. You try my temper when we talk because yours is out of hand before you open your mouth. I am not the white race, the British or American government, or the United Nations. I am an individual, wishing you well. Stop addressing me as though I were an institution. If you would learn, do less lecturing and more listening.

The good life for Americans or Britons was earned the hard way. They developed their countries by study, work, self-denial; but you sound as if you want the fruits before the tree takes root. You want a social-welfare state, complete with minimum wages, medical insurance, pensions, before you have created the capital to pay for it.

Don't all of you try to be politicians or administrators in the civil service; they run countries but they don't build them. I admit love of red tape is an acquired characteristic and you got it from your white overlords, but it isn't worth such passionate devotion. Having a junior clerk around to scold as your superior scolds you is not the highest goal of human endeavor. Don't grow out of your own tribal status symbols only to take over ours. Make room in your social pecking order for scientific farmers, civil and mechanical engineers, chemists, veterinarians. You need them, badly.

Secure your own country for democracy and stability before you try to rouse a whole continent in what you call Pan-Africanism. First, you're bound to go through the era of nationalism, like every other continent; don't expect to be exempt from the hostilities, aggressions, maybe even the wars that go with nationalism. Most of your people are still tribal-minded, not yet national-minded and a long way from international-minded.

I guess that one phrase would sum it all up: Begin at the beginning.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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The passions that move men to create history

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*Quoted in *THE CIVIL WAR, by Shelby Foote*

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CORRESPONDENCE

THEODOSIUS'S DEBT

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's story on the Games of the XVII Olympiad (*The Reporter,* January 7), which I have read with great interest, is excellent and her theme that Rome is repaying an old debt incurred by the Emperor Theodosius is a new one so far as I am concerned.

AVERY BRUNDAGE, Chairman
Comité International Olympique
Chicago

FREETHINKERS AND FUNDAMENTALISTS

To the Editor: In the process of ridiculing Julian Huxley for his ideas on religion ("The Reporter's Notes," January 7), the writer of "Second Coming" indulges in what can only be described as a diatribe against those whom he contemptuously refers to as "freethinkers." Robert Ingersoll is described as "damnably clever" but quickly disposed of by a few sarcastic comments. Corliss Lamont, he says, "once went so far as to write a long, scholarly book to prove that there is no life after death," and your reporter can't see "why he went to all the bother." But, as he points out, these "aggressive freethinkers seem eager to go to even more trouble these days." They hold a Darwin Centennial celebration in Chicago and silly old Julian Huxley, referred to as "the latest prophet of assembly-line god-making," talks to them about a new approach to religion which would better define our sense of right and wrong and give satisfactory expression to our feelings for what is sacred. All this is so utterly absurd, of course, that the comment made by your reporter is, "Set that to music and light a few candles and *nobody* will play golf on Sunday morning."

Frankly, I am very puzzled by this kind of smart-alecky attack on a respectable group of writers and thinkers who happen to dissent from the teachings of some of the established Christian churches.

LEE M. CARTER
Eureka, Missouri

To the Editor: In alluding to my book *The Illusion of Immortality,* your commentator makes the statement that "for most people, believers and nonbelievers alike, the only question would be why he went to all the bother" to write such a volume.

This is a curious statement, since the issue of whether or not there is personal survival after death has, from the time of Socrates down to the present, been an outstanding one in philosophy and religion. My book is now in its third edition. The many letters and comments I have received concerning this study do not indicate that modern man in the United States is indifferent to the basic meaning of death. In fact, no individual can work through to a mature philosophy of life without coming to grips with the question of immortality.

In his more general remarks your commentator seems unaware that the vast majority of freethinkers and rationalists today call themselves Humanists. The new religion proposed by Sir Julian Huxley, at which "The Reporter's Notes" poke good-natured fun, is actually that of naturalistic humanism, a way of life centering around joyous service for the greater good of all humanity upon this earth and according to the methods of reason, science, and democracy. . . .

CORLISS LAMONT
New York

To the Editor: Aldous Huxley predicted that it would happen in his *Brave New World,* and now Sir Julian Huxley proudly announces that it has happened already: we are in the age of synthetic faith.

S. BECKER
Miami

To the Editor: It may surprise you to learn that, as editor of the *Realist*—a magazine of freethought criticism and satire—I was enchanted by and in complete agreement with your pleasant little critique of "freethinkers."

In an era when nonbelievers more than match believers in expounding the best of all possible platitudes, the new Holy Trinity would seem to be Hypocrisy, Euphemism, and Schizophrenia.

You have seen our rear parts and you have spanked them. And I say this is good.

PAUL KRASSNER
New York

To the Editor: "Second Coming" treats Sir Julian's effusion with just the amount of seriousness, salted with spoofing, that such a pronunciamento is worth. He, like Toynbee, fails to remember that the Christian faith was not created by shepherds and fishermen, though had it been that would be no argument against its truth, but was the outgrowth of over two millenniums of steadily developing thought and faith, in the end shaped and harmonized by the brilliant Jewish lawyer Saul, a man who was not only steeped in the Hebrew tradition but was also educated in the Greek. I wonder what Sir Julian Huxley has to offer that's better.

A. J. BOLINGER
Versailles, Missouri

To the Editor: I like your editorials because they have depth as well as correlated information. Why then should you reveal in the December 24, 1959, issue such startling superficiality about the basic belief of the western world as to treat it as a matter of indifference whether the birth of Christ is a legend or a fact?

GILBERT E. DOAN
Nazareth, Pennsylvania

To the Editor: If Christmas is only a legend, then man is back where he was before Christ. It is only when a man can believe that this Christ did conquer sin and death by means of a real historical resurrection that men can become sons of God. This alone can change man from a cringing coward afraid of death and afraid of life. This to me, sir, makes all the difference in the world.

REV. NORMAN J. THALMAN
Clarendon Hills, Illinois

To the Editor: Thank you for the fine insight into the meaning of Christmas in your editorial of December 24, 1959 (Christmas means that we are not tied to the past), and for printing the excellent unsigned piece on Julian Huxley (January 7, 1960). It is always comforting to feel that there is a colleague here and there.

REV. PORTER FRENCH
Decatur, Illinois

BUTLER, PRO AND CON

To the Editor: Sidney Hyman's article on Paul Butler's face-lifting leadership of the Democratic Party (*The Reporter,* December 24, 1959) is perceptive and provocative. It suggests the courageous and dedicated new-style political leader meeting head-on the challenges of our times. I hope Mr. Hyman will be able to follow up this sketch with other articles showing how the seeds of such leadership are taking root in the programs enunciated by the Democratic Advisory Council, and in the development of regional programs through activity in the Democratic Midwest Conference and the Democratic Western States Conference.

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS, Governor
State of Michigan

To the Editor: Sidney Hyman fails to point out a curious parallel. The technique used by Butler to hold fast against his enemies is identical with that used by Nikita Khrushchev. Each man, smugly convinced of his own righteousness, refused to accept dismissal (by resigning like a gentleman and decent fellow) when confronted by a clear vote of no confidence from the group upon which his continued tenure of power was supposed to rest. (In the Russian case, the Presidium; in the American case, the somewhat amorphous "Democratic Party leadership.") To seek a legalization of this violation of the previously understood "rules," each man suddenly changed the rules, so that his position was now supposed to rest entirely on the Central Committee (Russian) or National Committee (American) of the party, most of whose members were his own recent appointees with only the most superficial and shallow roots in the party.

Fortunately, the parallel ends here in that Mr. Butler does not automatically become dictator of the U.S.

E. H. LEONI
New York

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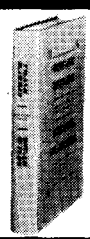

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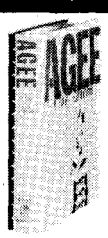

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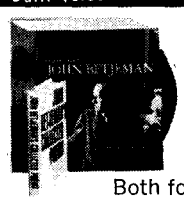

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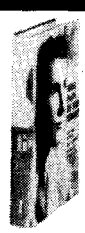

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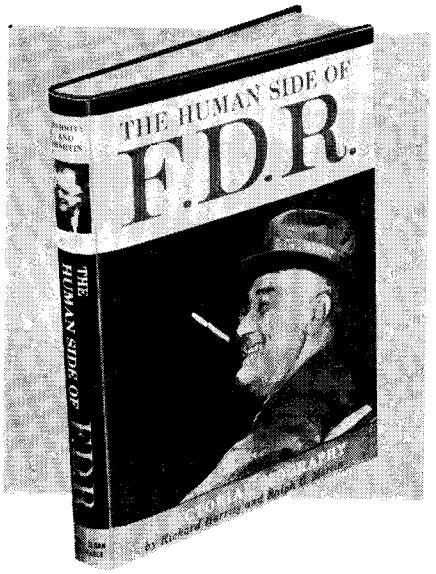

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DUELL, SLOAN and PEARCE

WHO– WHAT– WHY–

THE STEEL SETTLEMENT has been hailed as a victory, and of course it is a victory of sorts. But how much has it cost? And who has won or lost by it? After the newspapers have dropped the story and before the historians reassemble the faded clippings for their leisurely, dispassionate contemplation—that is the time *The Reporter* tries to do the job for which it was established, the job of discovering the lesson for present and future action that emerges from recent and still-debated facts. In this case the lesson, summarized in **Max Ascoli's** editorial and documented in the two following articles, is an extremely important one. **Herman Roseman,** an economist, points out that the tendency of steel prices to outstrip other prices that began in 1953 —wasn't a new President inaugurated in that year?—has been prolonged rather than arrested by the recent settlement. And staff writer **Paul Jacobs,** after describing how the legal and political skills of Arthur Goldberg turned the tide in the recent strike, ends by predicting that the tide will be flooding in again all too soon. All too soon there may be more opportunities for inconclusive vote-catching raids into the realm of labor-management negotiations by administration officials—perhaps by the same official whose recent foray has won so much unthinking praise.

FOR AN AUTHORITATIVE evaluation of Mr. Khrushchev's recent military pronouncements, we have turned to General **Thomas R. Phillips,** who writes a regular column from Washington for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. . . . By the end of 1960 the majority of Africa's native peoples will have thrown off the so-called yoke of colonialism and proclaimed what is in many cases an uneasy, unripe independence. (For **Eric Sevareid's** comments on the new nationalism, see page 6.) Our report on the growing pains of Nigeria, Africa's largest new state, comes from **Russell Warren Howe,** West African correspondent for the London *Sunday Times*. . . . Adolescents can sometimes accept advice and help from admired older brothers that they would resent coming from their fathers: **Emil Lengyel,** a professor at New York University, describes the rather astonishing popularity of Israeli trade and technical-assistance programs in the new nations of Africa. Mr. Lengyel has traveled extensively in West Africa; his latest book, *The Changing Middle East,* will be published in March by John Day. . . . So necessary is the dream of hope in the reality of tenement squalor that many law-enforcement officers believe the only way to clean up Harlem's numbers racket would be the introduction of a state lottery. **Dan Wakefield's** book *Island in the City,* a study of Spanish Harlem, was published last year by Houghton Mifflin. . . . **Alan Barth** is an editorial writer for the Washington *Post and Times Herald.*

AS OUR correspondence column shows, Sir Julian Huxley's speech at the recent Darwin Centennial celebration in Chicago has aroused a good deal of interest. We are sure that **Howard Nemerov's** remarks about the speech given at the same celebration by the prominent geneticist Hermann J. Muller will provoke further discussion. Mr. Nemerov, author of *A Commodity of Dreams and Other Stories* (Simon and Schuster), teaches at Bennington College. . . . The French novelist and playwright Albert Camus, who died in an automobile accident on January 4, was, as **Jean-Paul Sartre** makes clear, essentially a moralist. Born on November 7, 1913, in the farming town of Mondovi in eastern Algeria, Camus was particularly sensitive to the tragedy of the Algerian war. It was his recent silence on this subject to which M. Sartre refers. In many ways M. Sartre's article is less a tribute to Camus than a posthumous continuation of the debate between the two men. Alas, Camus can no longer reply. M. Sartre's article was translated by Professor Justin O'Brien of Columbia University. . . . **Fred Grunfeld's** program "Music Magazine" is broadcast each Sunday at 1:05 by WQXR in New York. . . . **Jay Jacobs** is our regular movie critic. . . . **Alfred Kazin,** in collaboration with Daniel Aaron, has just published *Emerson: A Modern Anthology* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . **Irving Kristol,** a former member of our staff, continues to write regularly for *The Reporter*. . . . **Daniel P. Moynihan** is director of the New York State Government Research Project at the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University. . . . The winter scene on our cover was painted by **Fred Zimmer.**

•

ON PAGE 48 we introduce *The Reporter* puzzle, which will be a regular feature. Those who have tackled it agree that it combines the most fiendish aspects of acrostics, crosswords, puns, and anagrams. It is composed by **"Henry Allen,"** the common pseudonym of two college professors.

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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MAX ASCOLI

The Lesson

WITH THE ORDEAL at long last behind us, this is the time to find out what we can learn about the causes of the steel strike and of its settlement. Other major labor troubles can be expected in the coming months and will be faced by an administration that may well be reelected in November. If the next President is a Republican, the guiding principles of his labor policy will probably be expressed in terms somewhat more precise than those used by President Eisenhower, but the pattern of official inaction and underhanded meddling will remain very much the same.

At a press conference last September, 65 days after the steel strike had started, the President said: "I have consistently stated I was not going to interfere in this strike, that it was a thing for free bargaining, and when the government got into it, we could get into all sorts of arguments of delay, and I think damaging effects upon the country, because soon people would be talking about the procedures that the government was applying, rather than the basic issues." The procedure that people should be talking about now is one of intervention not by the government but by high government officials.

THE PRESIDENT has said it over and over again: he is a profound believer in free collective bargaining. He has become somewhat doubtful about the efficacy of the Taft-Hartley Act, but cannot bring himself to suggest substitutes or improvement. He sees any further step the government may take to settle labor disputes as inevitably leading to compulsory arbitration, and then to government fixing of prices and wages. This, he thinks, would mean the end of our free economy and, ultimately, the end of our freedom.

In these beliefs the President is sound and true, but unfortunately he himself jeopardizes the soundness and the truthfulness of his faith by holding to it with paralyzing bigotry. He does not realize the political nature of collective bargaining. The very fact of its being collective makes it political, and because of the very vastness of the interests represented in major conflicts, agreement or lack of agreement directly affects the whole nation.

No freedom can work in a vacuum. The interests of both management and labor—not to mention the community at large—are not exactly fostered when both sides at the bargaining table indulge in a sort of sit-down strike. The government then must step in if collective bargaining is to be saved from the bargainers. Ours is a system of interlocked, limited powers—those of labor and business among others—all enjoying a measure of freedom and responsibility that is guaranteed and policed by the superior power of the Federal government. This power, too, is limited, and no effort can be spared to keep it so; but certainly there can be no greater danger to our freedoms than the abulia or indecisiveness of the Federal government.

True, the Republican administration, while preaching the theory of ascetic self-restraint in the major conflicts between management and labor, has always found a way to intervene, but informally and cozily. Somehow, it seems to be a Republican dogma that the search for the basic facts underlying these conflicts is to be discouraged; and even when the facts are diligently garnered, every effort must be made to avoid drawing conclusions from them. The Taft-Hartley Act provides for a fact-finding body when a strike or a lockout has reached the character of a national emergency, but it sterilizes the factfinders' urge to make recommendations.

Ever since 1953 this policy of bigoted noninterference with collective bargaining, tempered by well-timed personal intervention, has proved singularly rewarding for the steel producers and for the steelworkers. Profits and wages kept mounting, and an administration hell-bent on fighting inflation never found time to look into what was happening in this most inflationary industry. Leaders of labor and management seemed virtually interchangeable. In 1954 a book on David McDonald was published under the title *Man of Steel*. Now that we have become accustomed to his handsome face and his impeccably knotted tie, we are confident that the man of steel can well qualify as a Man of Distinction.

And then, all of a sudden, there was a spurt of fiery belligerency among the leaders of steel. Aware that technological progress inevitably reduces the number of wage earners in their industry, they raised the issue of work rules and tried to turn the workers' retreat into a rout. But here luck deserted them. The union utterly refused to give ground.

THE CONCLUSION of the story is that we need more government intervention of a preventive nature—a searching kind of intervention before a crisis has reached major proportions, just as we need more public knowledge of the irrefutable facts. We need more Dr. Taylors in this business—men utterly dedicated to avoiding the ultimate forms of government control. Otherwise these extremes will be brought upon us in the wake of disproportionate gains pocketed by a privileged industry, or by a politician on the make.

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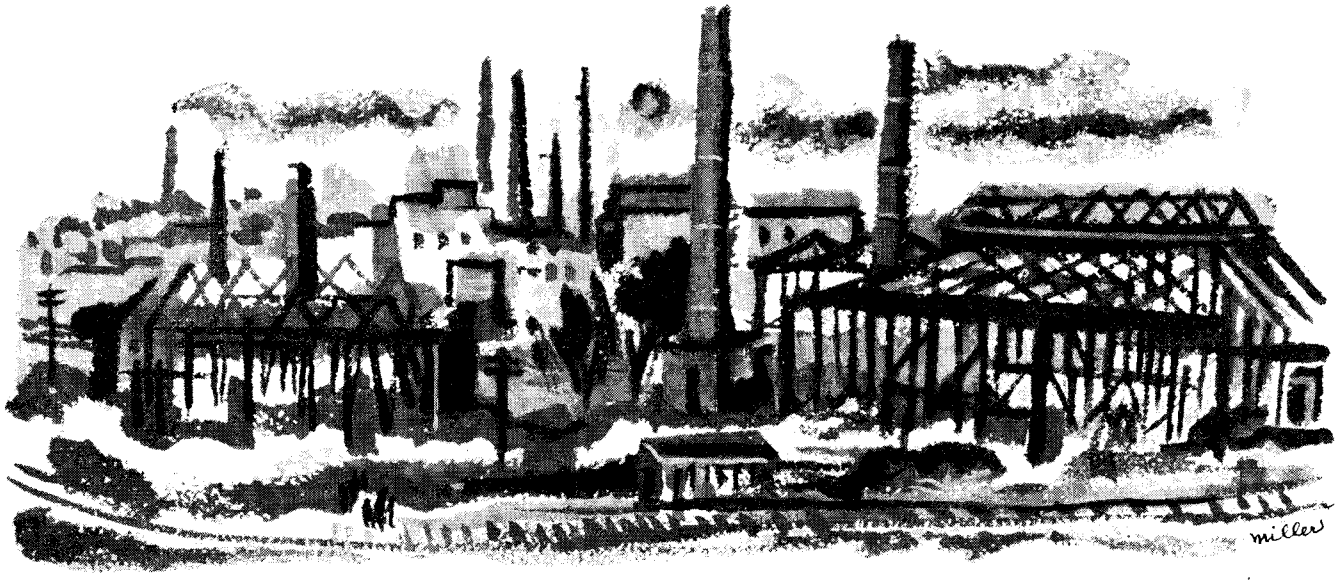

The Price of Peace

HERMAN ROSEMAN

THE RECENT steel strike will not be easily or quickly forgotten as long as steel prices threaten to follow steel wages upward. We may not know the result for several months, but of one thing we can be sure—what happens in steel will largely determine the next stage of inflation in the American economy as a whole. Why this should be so and whether it need be so may well rank among the crucial questions in this Presidential campaign year, especially since the leading Republican candidate, Vice-President Nixon, has invested no little political capital in the steel settlement.

Since 1953, steel wages have increased half again as fast as the average wage for all manufacturing. At the same time, steel prices have risen twice as fast as the average of other industrial prices. The latest success of the Steelworkers union in winning higher wages and other benefits has again made it imperative to ask: What is the connection between steel wages and prices? Why have they risen so much more than the average? Were these increases inflationary? Who profited most from them?

The steel industry has contended that its price increases have not been a major source of inflation. U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough told the Kefauver Committee in 1957 that "in the face of indisputable facts . . . the belief still seems to persist . . . that a rise in the price of steel can somehow touch off a new round of inflation." Blough argued that steel prices played a small role in the consumer price index. To illustrate his point, he noted that a four per cent rise in the price of steel would increase the cost of a twenty-dollar electric toaster by only two cents.

Pebble in the Pond

This and other examples of the allegedly negligible influence of steel prices on other prices cannot stand serious examination. Steel enters into the costs of nearly all producers and therefore a rise in its price affects the price of practically *everything* a manufacturer buys. It is thus more important as an indirect than as a direct cost. Its effects on a manufacturer's costs are much greater than what he might estimate if he considered only what he himself bought from the steel companies.

The machinery needed to produce the toaster, as well as all the materials and parts that make it up, goes up in price because steel is more expensive. If the toaster company has to borrow money to buy its new machinery, interest costs will be higher because more must be borrowed in order to purchase the more expensive machinery. Owing to the rise in machinery prices, the toaster manufacturer may decide that the money put aside for the eventual replacement of all his existing machinery will be insufficient; the tax laws do not allow him to increase his depreciation charges, so he will raise his profits, most probably through price increases, to get the necessary additional funds.

Other manufacturers do the same thing to keep pace with higher machinery prices, and so the toaster company finds the prices of wire, insulation, etc., that it buys from them going up. Inasmuch as schools have become more expensive to build, in part because of the higher cost of structural steel and construction machinery, the local taxes paid by the toaster company may rise. Automobiles cost more for the same reasons that toasters do, and therefore the expenses of toaster salesmen move up. Printing presses are more expensive, and more must be paid for advertising. One could multiply such examples of indirect effects almost indefinitely. None of them are very large, but together they may amount to a considerable sum.

Using a relatively new economic

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technique called "input-output analysis," Otto Eckstein and Gary Fromm, two young economists on the staff of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, have been able to compute and analyze the direct and indirect effects of higher steel prices as they are passed from industry to industry. Eckstein and Fromm point out how much more rapid has been the price rise in steel compared with the prices of other nonfarm commodities. They then ask: What would have been the over-all result if steel prices had risen *at the same rate as the average* of industrial prices?

The result of their computations is startling. They find that the average wholesale price of all finished goods would have gone up only 4.1 per cent between 1953 and 1958, instead of the 9.3 per cent it actually rose. In effect, over half the total rise in prices of finished goods was due to the above-average increases in steel prices. An even more startling conclusion is that, on the same assumption of an average price rise in steel, wholesale prices would today be *lower* than in 1951, the peak year of Korean inflation.

For skeptics, two other observations may be persuasive. First, industries whose prices rose most in the recent period generally use the most steel. Second, Eckstein and Fromm calculated that the jump in steel prices between 1955 and 1958 *directly* accounted for nearly a fourth of the total rise in the wholesale price index. Since many of the other prices in that index are themselves affected by steel prices—machinery and motor vehicles, for instance—the sum of direct and indirect effects of steel prices must be substantially more than one-fourth.

Who is responsible for this inflationary rise in steel prices? Industry spokesmen try to give the impression that it is all because wages have risen more rapidly than productivity. Union spokesmen, on the other hand, claim that the steel companies could have afforded to absorb the wage increases out of their profits, and that the explanation for the companies' increased profits must be sought in their manipulation of prices.

As we might expect, the truth on both sides is somewhat more complex. To assess the role of the various factors that have pushed up the price of steel, we need to look at how the money for a ton of steel has been divided among profits, wages, and other costs.

Revenue and Wages

In 1953-1957, high-production years at the peak of the business cycle and thus fairly comparable, the steel industry's revenue per ton of steel rose by $20.46. Of this amount, $8.93 went to wages and salaries. Thus, rising employment costs were responsible for about forty-four per cent of the rise in the price of a ton of steel. However, this rise in employment costs per ton of steel was not caused by the increase of wages alone. It also reflected the influence of a substantial increase in the number of nonunion salaried employees such as engineers and managerial personnel. The employment of these nonproduction employees rose five per cent in 1953-1957, while the total hours put in by production workers fell twelve per cent despite a slight increase in output. Moreover, the pay of salaried employees moved upward more rapidly than the pay of wage workers. As a result, at least forty per cent of the total increase in employment costs can be attributed to the rise in salaries and not to wage-rate increases.

Hence, of the additional $20.46 the steel companies received for a ton of steel in 1957, only about $5.36 went to the production workers represented by the Steelworkers union. In effect the higher costs resulting from wage rates rising more rapidly than productivity amount to only about a fourth of the price increase.

Profits per ton of steel went up almost as much as wages. Measured before taxes, profits per ton increased $4.85. Hence the companies boosted prices far more than the increase in their costs would have warranted by themselves. If the companies had absorbed the higher wage costs, profits per ton would have fallen only a shade below the 1953 level, and the price of steel would have risen about a fourth less than it actually did.

Thus profits per ton rose sharply despite the rapid rise in steel wages, which by mid-1959 were almost the highest paid in any industry. Steelworkers averaged $3.10 an hour (not including fringe benefits) compared to the $2.23 average for all manufacturing workers. Of two-hundred-odd manufacturing industries, the flat-glass industry alone paid higher rates. Outside of manufacturing, only John L. Lewis's coal miners and the skilled electricians, painters, etc., employed by special contractors in the building industry topped steel wages. Pay rates in steel also rose rapidly. Their jump of seventy-two cents an hour in 1953-1958 was surpassed only in aluminum, also covered by a steel-union contract, and it was double the average increase in all manufacturing. Thus steel wages rose from eleventh place in the 1953 roster of manufacturing industries to second place in 1959, despite a declining demand for steel labor.

Half of the inflationary increase in steel prices, then, went to labor and capital, which shared it in roughly equal proportions. The rest of the increase was split evenly between the cost of materials and supplies and the cost of overhead, mainly white-collar pay.

Wage increases are not the only major force that has been pushing up steel prices. The higher costs of materials, supplies, and freight, reflecting the general rise in wholesale prices, accounted for another fourth of the price rise. The industry's heavy purchases of new equipment, despite lagging demand, led to rising costs of depreciation and interest per ton that were responsible for seven per cent of the price increase. But the most important addition to the industry's overhead was the rising cost of salaried staffs, which absorbed seventeen per cent of the price increase.

A SUBSTANTIAL PROPORTION of the price rise, it must be remembered, went to higher profits per ton of steel. There is considerable evidence that U. S. Steel and the industry as a whole established new, higher profit "targets" in the late 1950's. The industry seems to have shifted its traditional goal from an eight per cent rate of profit, when operating at the "normal" rate of production of about eighty per cent of capacity, to a twelve or thirteen per

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cent rate of profit. This new profit target required higher prices. As a result, the steel industry's profits on its sales rose in recent years while other manufacturing industries suffered a significant decline.

For the past year the steel industry has been singing the foreign-competition blues. Yet an industry that has been boosting its profit rate counter to prevailing trends in other industries would seem to have only itself to blame if it has encouraged foreign competition. After all, the basic purpose of foreign trade is to have other countries furnish what is in relatively short supply in our own country, and we have certainly had a shortage of competition in our steel industry.

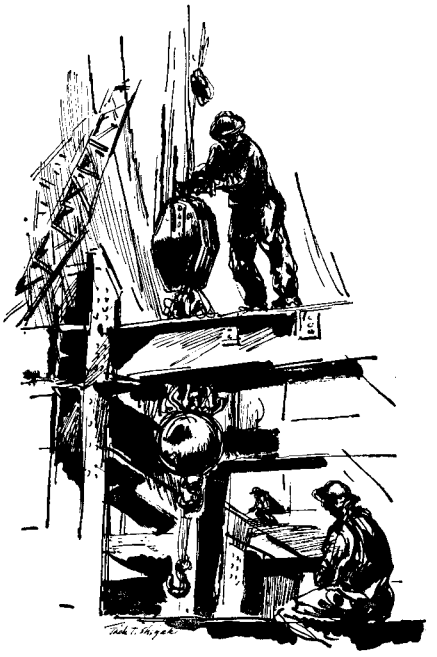
The rising profitability of the steel industry also belies the notion that steel prices go up only because they are *pushed* up. In some other industries, rising costs have taken a big bite out of profits, since their prices have not gone up as fast as steel prices. Every farmer knows from experience that a cost increase in itself is not sufficient to raise prices; there must also be an *ability* to raise prices. In the case of steel, this ability derives from a quasi-monopolistic power in the marketplace. But many other industries also have such power, and their prices have not risen as rapidly as steel's.

The difference probably lies in the fact that the steel industry's major customers are themselves quasi monopolists and can therefore pass their increased steel costs on to consumers. Since these customers are in a position to do this, since the direct cost to them of steel may be relatively minor and its price therefore not worth balking at, and since there are no important substitutes for steel and therefore only marginal competition from other commodities, the steel industry can raise its prices with relative impunity.

A Target for Profits

Yet there is some likelihood that the forthcoming hikes in steel prices may not be as great as expected. Foreign competition, especially in machinery and autos, and a slower growth of demand may diminish the readiness of many industries to accept higher prices, and the steel industry may therefore moderate its demands. If, as is being widely rumored, it defers any general price increase until after the fall elections, it may reap the advantage of being able to assess its market potential before pricing its product anew.

The main point about steel prices is not that they have risen but that they have risen *very much more than the average* of other prices. If steel prices had risen in the same degree as other wholesale prices, the latter, as we have seen, would have gone up about half as much as they did. But what would have been the effect of such a price policy on profits in the industry? Suppose that the increase in revenue per ton had been $10.23 instead of $20.46. Since steel's costs of materials went up at about the same rate as wholesale prices



in general, we may assume that a smaller price increase in steel would have resulted in a smaller increase in these costs and that the material costs in steel would then have gone up only $2.65 a ton instead of $5.30.

On these assumptions, profits per ton of steel would have fallen in 1953-1957 by $2.73 instead of having risen by $4.85. Consequently, steel's profits in 1957 would have been about ten per cent of sales instead of about sixteen per cent, close to steel's average rate in the postwar years. *The steel industry could have easily afforded to raise its prices no more than the average.* At a time when the average rate of profits on sales declined in manufacturing industries, profits in the steel industry rose despite lagging demand. A deliberate policy on the part of the industry to raise prices sufficiently to meet its new and higher profit target was responsible for this rise. This policy, it is clear, was the source of a goodly part of the inflation of recent years.

That the steel industry has a market position which enables it to raise profits by raising prices cannot be denied. It is well known that the demand for steel is, in the economist's jargon, highly "inelastic," which means that a change in price, up or down, will bring only a relatively small change in demand. This implies that a rise in price will necessarily increase profits, something that is not true in industries whose demand is not inelastic. Profits rise because the loss of customers to the industry is not sufficient to offset its additional revenue stemming from higher prices. In addition to the increase in total dollar sales volume, total costs will fall, since it is obviously cheaper to produce less than to produce more. Thus, any industry with inelastic demand can expect to profit by raising its prices.

WHY, then, does not the steel industry raise its prices even more than it does? One reason is that such highly profitable price increases would have adverse effects on public opinion. In recent years the industry's self-restraint has been somewhat lessened owing to its success in persuading the public that its prices have only been increased to cover higher wage and other costs over which it has no control. In fact, however, prices have risen far more than increased costs can justify. A fact-finding board could serve the public interest by establishing this essential fact more firmly in the public consciousness and by compelling the steel companies to justify any future increase in its prices. By educating the public in the issues at stake, such a board might be highly effective, and might exercise a restraining influence on the industry's future price increases. If this were done, it would represent an important step toward controlling inflation in the years ahead.

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Like Lemmings to the Sea

PAUL JACOBS

THE MOST IMPORTANT cause for the total collapse of the steel industry's campaign against the Steelworkers union was not the fact that it had the rug jerked from under it by the Republican administration, but the incredible ineptitude of the industry's strategists and its magnates, who, like a legion of lemmings, followed their leaders straight to destruction. The spectacle was enough to shake a man's faith that it takes brains to make money.

Roger Blough, chairman of the board of U.S. Steel Corporation, and R. Conrad Cooper, U.S. Steel's executive vice-president and the industry's chief negotiator, had good reason to be confident when they began their negotiations with the Steelworkers early last summer. They had the administration on their side, pledged to fight against inflation and for the "hard" dollar and headed by a President with an attitude of reverence for the magical power that makes money.

EVERYTHING seemed on the industry's side and against the union. Even if the labor legislation passed by Congress wasn't as restrictive as men like Blough and Cooper would have liked, it was a step in the direction they wanted. Besides, the Steelworkers were having internal difficulties, and David McDonald, their president, was on somewhat shaky ground with the membership.

Rooters from other industries were in the grandstands in full force, urging the steel manufacturers on, and their posture of defending the nation against another round of inflation was popular with the public. Few in the government questioned their assumption that a wage increase would necessarily be followed by a price increase. Few outsiders, either, looked behind the superficial arguments of the industry to raise the question whether the industry could give a pay rise out of its record profits or increased productivity rather than by raising prices.

During the first weeks of the prestrike negotiations, the industry was very much in the driver's seat. There were actually no negotiations conducted during the daily meetings. Instead, each side read the daily papers, looking at the full-page company ads showing Russian workers taking over Americans' jobs and at the union ads featuring photos of David McDonald with and without pipe.

The only proposal the industry made was for a cut in pay, although no mention was made of decreasing steel prices. In spite of the industry's fantastic first-quarter profits, announced during this period, the steel manufacturers were obviously provoking the union to call what might have been a very unpopular strike.

How the Blough Boys Blew It

But then the industry made its first major error: it introduced the issue of work rules into the negotiations. The issue was seized on by the Steelworkers, and within a few days the attitude of union members shifted from a grudging acceptance of a far from welcome strike to a closing of ranks in the face of what they believed to be an industry onslaught against the Steelworkers union itself.

Still, it was not the work-rules issue alone that caused the pro-strike sentiment. There was an arrogance about the tone of the industry that infuriated the union members. The pious industry ads, accusing the Steelworkers of featherbedding, made them even angrier. Unfortunately for the industry, the men responsible for these foolish public relations seemed unaware that whatever antagonism the Steelworkers felt toward McDonald, they were deeply committed to their union. "For the average steelworker, belonging to the union is like being a member of a lodge or a club," said one industry negotiator, thereby betraying a complete misunderstanding of the relation of union members to their organization.

By the time the strike began on July 15, the industry had already lost the negotiating initiative and was beginning to go on the defensive. The strike dragged on and on, and by September 8 had become the longest in the industry since the Second World War. At intervals the President asked for "intensive, uninterrupted, good-faith bargaining," but nothing happened.

At last, on October 1, the industry made a modest wage proposal, which was rejected three days later by the union. Eisenhower expressed his "keen disappointment" and indicated that he would invoke the injunction provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. As the first step in this procedure, the President signed an Executive order creating a board of inquiry to investigate the strike. The three-member board was headed by Dr. George Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania, a well-known and respected arbitrator-mediator who has had many years of experience in such situations.

The Taylor committee's role was different from that played by similar committees in previous strikes. Taylor had insisted that his committee would not take the responsibility for determining whether a national emergency existed and also that the committee needed authority to attempt mediation of the strike.

THESE CONDITIONS accepted, the committee settled down to ten days of fruitless public hearings. A highlight of one session was McDonald's vehement defense of his histrionic ability, acquired when he was studying acting at Carnegie Tech before he became Philip Murray's secretary. At the hearings, the work-rules issue raised by the company was demolished by Arthur Goldberg, the union's counsel and chief strategist. The industry spokesmen were also embarrassed by Dr. Taylor's requests for the specific details of the work-rules problems. They answered his request by saying that they didn't want Dr. Taylor to be bogged down in details.

"We're sure getting bogged down in generalities," retorted Taylor.

At no time during the hearings was there any real communication between the two sides, and on October 19, after the committee reported no possibility of a voluntary settlement, Eisenhower ordered the Justice

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Department to seek an eighty-day back-to-work injunction.

THUS FAR, the industry's advance timetable planned for the strike seemed to be working out very well. For months steel-consuming industries had been accumulating reserves of steel, which were widely reported to be equivalent to three months' needs (some observers believed that the steel companies had needed a strike to allow these reserves to be used up), and it was no secret that October 15—three months from the beginning of the strike—was the industry's choice for "I Day," the day on which the President would request the injunction. The timetable was thrown off a few days through a union maneuver, but still the injunction was granted on October 21.

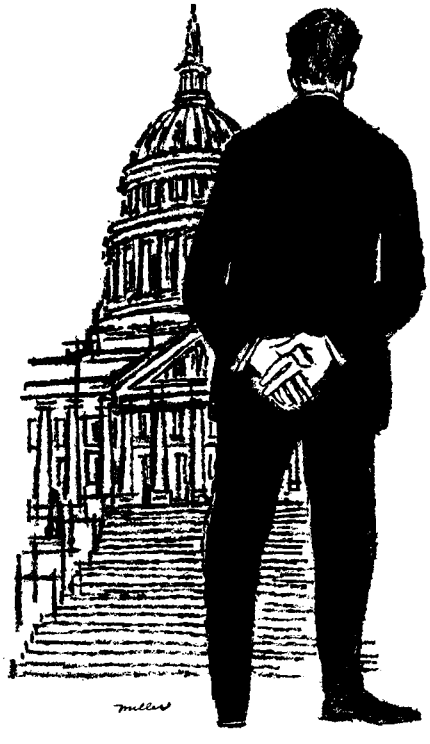
But the industry has been caught off balance by the brilliant legal maneuvers of Goldberg, who managed to keep the injunction from becoming effective until November 7, when the Supreme Court finally upheld it. Very few people outside the steel industry seemed to understand that the effect of Goldberg's strategy included a great deal more than raising the constitutionality of the injunction. Everyone assumed that the delay was designed to put economic pressure on the industry and provide the union with the opportunity to open its first crack in the company ranks by signing a separate agreement with the industry maverick, Kaiser Steel. But the delay had an additional consequence: a cost-of-living increase of four cents an hour was due to go into effect during the early part of January under the terms of the Steelworkers' old contract, and Goldberg wanted to ensure that the increase would fall due while the injunction was still in force. The union could then argue that the injunction had extended the terms of the old contract and that the four-cent increase was due the workers without any negotiation.

Knowing that Goldberg was responsible for much of the Steelworkers' strategy, the steel companies reportedly went so far as to make an indirect approach to McDonald with a proposal that he dump Goldberg and negotiate without him—a proposal that McDonald quickly rejected.

After the injunction was granted, union members returned to work but no negotiations were held until early in December. At that time, the Federal Mediation Service tried, vainly, to achieve a settlement. In the meantime, the union gained a better position by negotiating and signing an agreement with the can companies; but the steel industry still adamantly refused Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell's proposal of December 9 that the strike be settled by a neutral third party.

Tricks of Another Trade

In the industry itself, in the financial centers of New York and Pittsburgh, and in the government offices in Washington there was a growing nervousness about the steel industry's policy and tactics. In spite of Eisenhower's statements that the strike should be settled without government intervention, it was becoming obvious that another strike was



surely going to take place when the injunction period ended. On December 4, Vice-President Nixon held the first of a series of Dutch-uncle talks with industry representatives, pointing out the political problems another strike would raise for the administration.

At the same time, the aluminum corporations were in negotiations with the union, and they had never been enthusiastic about the steel-industry policy. This seemed to be especially true of the Mellon (Aluminum Company of America) interests, and on December 19 the aluminum corporations made their sentiments absolutely clear by signing an agreement with the union.

The pressure to settle was growing stronger and stronger. Nixon and Mitchell were taking increasingly active roles, since they had good evidence that the Democrats in Congress were preparing to take the initiative in calling for an investigation of the strike—an investigation in which both the industry and the administration might come off badly. Eisenhower's previous assertions that the strike should be settled without government intervention were hastily forgotten. Intervention was the order of the day.

The union announced that a poll of its members showed that they would overwhelmingly reject the company's last offer in a vote required under the injunction proceedings and thus be free to strike again. And the industry found that even its own poll, conducted in what it believed was the weakest local of the union after a spirited company campaign, showed the same reaction of the union members to the company proposal.

JUST THEN, when the industry's position was growing weaker every day, it was slammed over the head again. On December 24 the Steelworkers sought a court order directing the steel companies to give the automatic four-cent wage increase in January. If the petition succeeded, the four cents would have to be paid, in addition to whatever agreement the companies reached on wages in negotiations. To the administration, the threat was even more disturbing because the government might have had to oppose the union's petition, since it dealt with a problem that had been raised by the issuance of an injunction at the government's request.

The end was clearly in slight. The industry had obviously lost the strike and the dispute had to be settled. From the administration viewpoint, it was probably most desirable to get Dr. Taylor's committee to do the

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settling, so that any price increase or inflationary aftereffects could be blamed on the committee rather than on the Republicans. But this was not to be, for on December 29 the three-man board reported that it couldn't settle the dispute. Five days later, with Nixon and Mitchell acting as midwives, a new contract was born, a contract that was a victory for the union. Since then, the midwives have not been shy about the role they finally assumed; hardly a newspaper or magazine has missed showing the new Nixon in all his glory as an industrial statesman. The steel corporations could learn many a lesson in slick public relations from the Vice-President.

The union victory consisted not so much in the wage increase the Steelworkers will receive as in other rights—noncontributory insurance, improvements in the pension plan, and changes in supplementary insurance benefits. The work-rules issue, that do-or-die principle for which the industry was willing to fight to the end, was just quietly dropped, although the union has politely agreed to look into the problem.

THE STEEL INDUSTRY failed in its attempt to cripple the Steelworkers union by sabotaging collective bargaining. But another, far more severe test of collective bargaining is coming up this year, and it may be of a far different order from the steel industry's fumbling and incompetent attempt to demoralize the steel union. If the fall negotiations between the General Electric Company and James Carey's International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers break down and a strike does take place, it will probably have very few serious economic consequences for the country. But the social impact can be explosive.

General Electric, unlike the steel industry, has been resisting unionism for many years and preparing its battle against the IUE for a long, long time. The corporation is far better equipped to fight than was U.S. Steel and the union is far less able to resist an onslaught than were the Steelworkers. Will the administration and Congress try to find some solution before a real industrial war breaks out at General Electric plant gates all over the country?

AT HOME & ABROAD

Their 'New Look'— and Ours

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret.)

THE ANNOUNCED REDUCTION of 1,200,000 men in the Soviet armed forces has been given various fanciful interpretations and explanations in the United States. Some simply will not believe that the Soviets will cut their military manpower by one-third, just as some still do not believe that previous reductions of 2,140,000 men have been made. Unidentified Pentagon experts are quoted in the New York *Times* to the effect that the Soviet Union has adopted the same strategic policy as the United States—that is, to rely on nuclear weapons instead of conventional ones. Still others believe that the Russians have gone so far as to adopt Admiral Radford's policy of virtually eliminating ground forces.

None of these ideas will stand examination. The Soviet ground forces are today about half again as large as the air and naval forces combined. The reduction of air and naval forces under the new law announced on January 15 will be proportionally larger than the reduction of ground forces. In the United States the air and naval forces combined are almost twice as large as the ground forces. After the reductions have been made, the Soviet ground forces will still be almost twice as large as those of the United States.

The Russians have, indeed, accepted the idea of deterrence and massive retaliation. But this is nothing new. It was implicit in the development of nuclear weapons and long-range bombers to meet the threat of the same type of U.S. forces. In the United States the decision has been made by the President and the National Security Council that nuclear weapons will be used in case of a conventional aggression by the Soviet Union against our allies in Europe and can be used, if needed, in limited war against conventionally armed forces. A careful reading of Khrushchev's January 14 report to the Supreme Soviet indicates that Russian policy, on the other hand, is to employ nuclear weapons as a deterrent to the use of nuclear weapons by an opponent. It is not generally recognized, but it is an obvious fact, that the real usefulness of nuclear weapons, both strategic and tactical, in military strategy today is limited to deterring the other side from using them. In other words, Khrushchev has nullified our threat with a more effective one of his own. The inadequacy of our conventional forces would compel us to be the first to use nuclear weapons in defense of our allies, so it is now Khrushchev who can threaten massive retaliation.

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The idea that the announced reduction is simply a propaganda trick and will not be carried out is not credited by intelligence sources. It is always possible, of course, that changed conditions in the next two years may cause changes in the plans, and these changes may not be announced publicly. But the Soviet Union has a severe labor shortage—it is suffering from the reduced birth rate of the last war—particularly of men with mechanical and technical training. The addition of more than a million men, large numbers of them technically trained in the services, to the labor force within a relatively short period will help ease the shortages that have been created by Soviet industrial expansion. But easing the labor shortage is considered only an incidental benefit from the reduction, not the central reason.

Nor is the central reason budgetary. Khrushchev estimated that the savings would amount to 16 to 17 billion rubles annually and agreed that this would help economic development. But he scorned the idea that monetary saving was involved in the decision. "The question of a nation's defense," he declared, "transcends the concept of value just like any other concepts in terms of economy. We shall not go chasing rubles at the risk of exposing the life of our people and the very existence of our country to danger."

Enough Is Plenty

The reality is that the changes in the composition, size, and weaponry of the Soviet armed forces are the result of a shrewd and realistic reappraisal of the military needs of the Soviet Union. The reassessment has been proceeding since the death of Stalin in 1953. Stalin fancied himself as a great military expert. His model was the Second World War, and he suppressed military ideas that differed from his. Not until Khrushchev acquired unchallenged power were changes made from the Stalin pattern toward balanced and flexible forces that could make the best use of the new weapons without becoming dangerously dependent on them. In 1955 a reduction of 640,000 men in the armed forces was announced and a further reduction of 1,200,000 was announced in 1956. At the same time there was an all-out effort to speed rocket and missile armament, and decreased emphasis was placed on surface naval vessels. In the struggle over who was to control long-range missiles between the air and ground arms, Air Marshal Pavel Zhigarev was relieved of command of the air forces, and long-range missiles became a function of the artillery. They are now an autonomous ground command reporting directly to the minister of defense. The admiral commanding the Soviet Navy who insisted on the surface shipbuilding program was also replaced.

But there are important conclusions to be drawn from the reduction of the Soviet armed forces beyond noting that they make sense in purely military terms. Khrushchev said the increase of Soviet forces from 2,874,000 in 1948 to 5,763,000 in 1955 was a countermove to the formation of NATO and to "atomic blackmail" by the United States. The buildup took place under Stalin and Malenkov. Stalin was undoubtedly convinced that NATO, together with the expansion of United States overseas bases, was aimed aggressively at the Soviet Union. And he may have had aggressive intentions himself. Large ground forces are essential for aggression; troops must march over a country and remain there to conquer it. Destruction by bombardment alone is not a means of conquest.

Khrushchev's reductions totaling, he said, 3,340,000 men would seem to indicate that he does not have the pathological fear of the West's bad intentions that animated Stalin. They may, and probably do, also indicate that Khrushchev does not have aggressive military intentions. Indeed, Khrushchev himself held that any country contemplating attack would not cut its forces, for it would need troops as well as firepower.

For defense, the Soviet Union has enormous numbers of well-trained and quickly mobilizable reserves. It can have three hundred reserve divisions under arms in three months, and many of them can be available in ten days. Furthermore, there is not a potentially hostile power on the actual frontiers of the Soviet Union with other than trifling military strength. The western powers with their twenty divisions are six hundred miles across eastern Europe. The Soviet satellites have more than a million men under arms, a much larger force than NATO's. Finland, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, and Pakistan are the only neutral or hostile states on the Soviet border, and none of them are capable of aggression against the Soviet Union. If fear of the West has been replaced by better understanding of western intentions, if doubt in Soviet power has been replaced by confidence, and if aggressive intentions to expand by military force have been shelved in favor of economic and political penetration and expansion, maintenance of the great forces built by Stalin is militarily stupid. What will remain two years from now is more than adequate for Soviet security needs.

The Question Nobody Asked

The great changes in size, composition, and armament of the Soviet military forces have all been made with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of internal division. But the evolution of U.S. military policy has been held back by budgetary fixation on the "New Look" strategy of sacrificing a flexible military organization to a single weapon for massive retaliation and by jealousies among the three service empires. The result today is that the U.S. forces are not suited to our needs and that the United States in the past six years has fumbled until Khrushchev could say confidently: "Now it is clear that the United States of America is not the world's most powerful military power."

The most recent and by far the frankest narrative of the military policymaking processes in the United States that have allowed the Soviet Union to supersede the United States as the world's foremost military power is a book called *The Uncertain Trumpet* (Harper, $4) by General Maxwell D. Taylor, U.S.A., Retired, former Chief of Staff of the Army. It is a shocking story of partisan infighting on the part of the chairman and the Chiefs of Staff for military policies that may magnify the importance of their particular service; of Secretaries of Defense who pay little attention to the advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, but turn instead to the service civilian secre-

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taries, the Defense Department comptroller, and junior military aides; of a National Security Council that makes policy directives so open to diverse interpretations that it has become known in the Pentagon as the Delphic Oracle; and of a President who depends largely upon his Director of the Budget for military advice.

It can be shown quite dramatically from the testimony of Budget Director Maurice H. Stans before the Senate Preparedness Investigating subcommittee, May 20 and June 17, 1959, that he is the President's principal military adviser—not the Secretary of Defense and not the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "The Joint Chiefs of Staff as a body," Taylor states, "took no part in the formulation of the 1960 budget—nor had they in previous years." But Stans testified: "We help the President to determine the level of the defense budget by asking questions, by procuring information, and by making recommendations to the Secretary of Defense and the President." Taylor writes: "At no time to my knowledge were the three service budgets put side by side and an appraisal made of the fighting capabilities of the aggregate military forces supported by the budget." In short, no one in the Defense Department faced squarely up to the question of whether the Navy carrier air force and the Polaris missile program combined with the Air Force bombers and missile program are adequate, too small, or too large as a strategic striking force. Each service budget is examined as a separate unit instead of as an integral part of the over-all military force.

THE BLUNT TRUTH is that since the death of Stalin, the Soviet military establishment has shown itself far more flexible and more willing than ours to accept the effects of the revolution in armaments. Our apparent inability to resolve differences between the services in terms of a flexible over-all military strategy rather than on the basis of purely budgetary considerations has enabled the Soviet Union to surpass the United States as a military power in the few years since the Russians exploded their first atomic device in 1949.

Africa's Largest Nation Goes to the Polls

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

LAGOS

IN THE RAYS of the setting sun, the candidate, in a flowing white *agbada* made of delicate *broderie anglaise,* and wearing the little ginger-felt pillbox hat that is Czechoslovakia's principal export to Nigeria, is orating to a half-fascinated, half-amused crowd of men, women, and children.

Behind him, on chairs that have been borrowed from the Happy Bar, the Love Is Sweet Tavern, and the Save Me O God Café, sit the local party officials and a couple of pro-party tribal chiefs. Behind them again, the huge party flag wraps itself indolently around the humid twilight breeze.

The candidate, the party officials, and the chiefs are mounted on a festooned dais of planks; the crowd, which talks and laughs constantly in a steady murmur, is composed about equally of supporters and opponents of the candidate. The men are swift to seize a joke, though it is sadistic ridicule that makes them laugh rather than humor. The women chew their teeth-cleaning sticks and look intransigently bored and disapproving; but they are listening, and they have the smug placidity that goes with the knowledge that they out-

number the male voters in town by nearly three to two. The children wait for any occasion to join in shouting, booing, or cheering.

In front of the dais, wearing a look of ruthless authority, stand a handful of police wearing Tam o'Shanters, staunchly prepared to break up a riot with their truncheons. In the background, in his radio car, sits a scrupulously neat and equally determined Nigerian police officer, with his sergeant, his driver, and a constable. In the British police tradition, this proud black officer carries no arms, only a swagger stick, and he knows that with this trans-Commonwealth fetish he can probably walk through the most unruly and abusive crowd untouched. All the same, he is glad the senior superintendent of his area, a Briton on his last tour of colonial duty, is standing in the back row of the crowd.

The senior superintendent has the bristling mustache of his calling, three rows of ribbons that tell a history of the dissolution of the British Empire, and the taut yellow skin of one who will take his malaria with him when he retires to Somerset or Kent. He stands, arms akimbo, with a cynical grin across his features, as the candidate promises the moon. He has seen it all before, in Kabul (North-West Indian Frontier Force), in Rangoon (Royal Burma Police), in Haifa (Palestine Security Bureau), and now in Calabar and Zaria.

'Giant in the Sun'

Scenes like this occurred in almost every Nigerian town and large village, every day at sundown, during the four months before December 12. Africa's largest nation and Britain's largest remaining dependency has just selected the house of representatives that will be in office when the country becomes an independent Commonwealth dominion next October 1.

Nigeria, with an estimated 40 millions population, dwarfs Egypt (23 millions), Ethiopia (18 millions), and the Union of South Africa (14 millions). One African in six—and one British colonial citizen in two—is a Nigerian. Nigeria's information services proudly call their country "The Giant in the Sun."

The Texas-and-a-half-sized country is one of six or seven African nations that expect independence during 1960. (The others are four U.N. territories—French Cameroons, French

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Togoland, Italian Somalia, British Somaliland—the Mali Federation of the French Sudan and Senegal, and probably Madagascar.) With Nigeria's emancipation, the "independent" figure for Africa reaches 132 millions out of 242, so that during 1960, for the first time, dependent status becomes the exception rather than the rule in the last of the colonized continents.

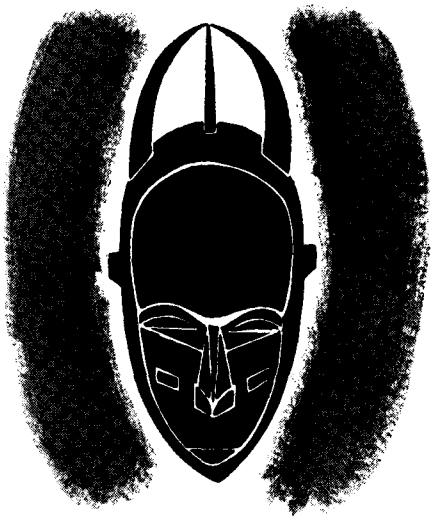
Nigeria is a federation of the three states of Northern, Eastern, and Western Nigeria. East and West together, which make up less than a quarter of the country's land area but nearly all the brains, money, industry, and cash crops, are referred to jointly as "the South." State borders purposely follow old nation lines. The West's eight millions are three-quarters Yoruba; the East's nine millions are two-thirds Ibo; and though the North's twenty-two millions plus are only forty per cent Hausa and Fulani, well over half its communities have Fulani chiefs.

Almost inevitably, three main political parties have grown up—one centered on each region. Chief Obafemi Awolowo's Action Group (A.G.) is predominantly Yoruba and holds power in the Western assembly; the National Council for Nigeria and the Cameroons (N.C.N.C.), led by Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, a graduate of Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, is predominantly Ibo and governs the East; and the Northern Peoples' Congress, led by Fulani and Hausa chiefs and senior Moslem dignitaries, governs the North. Its president-general, Alhaji Sir Ahmadu Bello, Sarduana (king) of Sokoto, is premier of the North; while his deputy, Alhaji Abu Bakar Tafawa Balewa, was and remains federal premier. The Sarduana himself refuses to run for federal office. On his uncle's death, he will become sultan of Sokoto, and thereby primate of all Moslems south of the Sahara. He counts this a less irksome and more permanent post than head of a temporal government.

Pie-in-the-Sky Writing

Awolowo's A.G., advised by a Madison Avenue public-relations firm, made the most professional campaign. Awolowo descended out of the heavens by helicopter, or bombed the bush villages with balloons, leaflets, and presents (pencils, T-shirts) bearing party markings. A stunt pilot would write "Awo" (Awolowo's nickname) in smoke in the tropical sky. With the richest, most developed, and best-governed state as his reference, Awo promised Nigeria unemployment pay, old-age pensions, and a national minimum wage of seventy cents a day—double that paid to laborers in the North at present. How Nigeria could pay for a welfare state he never explained. He campaigned for alignment with the western bloc (which would bring investment), for new states in Nigeria to satisfy the country's minority ethnic groups, in particular the non-Moslem peoples of the North.

But the Northerners said you couldn't believe the promises of a Kafiri (infidel) and a Yoruba. The Ibos of the East enjoyed the showmanship of his campaign but remained faithful to "Zik"—Dr. Azikiwe. Even Westerners did not vote for "Awo" as much as was expected. When the final result of the poll became known on December 15, Awo's campaign had netted less than seventy seats out of 312.



Awo's archenemy Azikiwe, the handsome and dynamic ex-journalist from the Eastern territory, fared little better. He promised less pie in the sky, wanted Nigeria to be neutral in world affairs but to have "close relations with Britain and the United States," and relied mainly on his reputation as the father of Nigerian nationalism. He got just over ninety seats.

The Northern Peoples' Congress published a long manifesto which rarely got down to concrete details, offering little but "justice and progress for all." During the campaign, which was at its bitterest in the North, local authority police under the orders of the N.P.C. authorities were often ruthlessly partisan in dealing with disturbances at the meetings of non-N.P.C. candidates, many of whom were horsewhipped or jailed by the Alkali (Moslem) courts. There is, in fact, little that is "just" or "progressive" about the party or its record.

But the N.P.C. won nearly half the seats (although it only contested 176 out of 312) and at once assured itself of the semi-reliable support of ten of the twelve independents.

THE N.P.C.'s most democratic and tangible asset was its candidate for the office of premier, Alhaji Balewa. A schoolmaster in a party composed principally of illiterates, a commoner who has risen to the top of a party leadership composed almost exclusively of kings, princes, and high priests, he is probably Nigeria's most statesmanlike personality and one of the most fascinating figures in the West African political scene.

To most people in Nigeria, whether Nigerian or expatriate, he is a modest, self-effacing figure with little personality but a great deal of integrity, the "small boy" of the Sarduana. This is a legend he himself does little to dispel, but it is far from the truth, except as regards his undisputed integrity. Alhaji Balewa is a skillful and determined politician who has now reached the top of the Nigerian political tree, and will stay there if it is humanly possible to do so.

It is true that the Sarduana shoehorned him into the No. 2 spot in the party, and hence into the premiership of Africa's largest nation, with the intention of ruling through him. But Alhaji Balewa soon proved too clever for his gaudy and arrogant patron; he became the effective premier, and by the force of his personality managed to hold together a warring "national front" coalition of all the parties.

On December 15, a twin-engined Nigerian Airways Heron dropped lightly down on Ikeja airport in

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Lagos and taxied over to a colorful, long-robed crowd of triumphant Moslems. There were only three passengers—the premier, the Sarduana, and an executive member of the party.

Characteristically, the Sarduana strode out first, his vast form draped in a silver-embroidered magenta cloak, a twenty-four-foot turban, red cotton trousers, and new kid babouches on his feet. Characteristically, Balewa stepped out second in a pale, discreet jellaba, his head bowed in diffidence. There was a roar of applause for the second figure.

He had been sent for by Nigeria's Scottish governor-general, Sir James Robertson, to be "asked to form Her Majesty's Nigerian Government." Under the vertical sun, he parried questions from radio and press reporters. Yes, he said, it was true he had spoken of an alliance with Dr. Azikiwe's N.C.N.C., but that was "in the heat of the campaign." He hoped to be able to govern with the independents. Nigeria would align itself with the West, "but, of course, no foreign policy can be permanent." Asked by a *Pravda* special correspondent what his policy toward the Soviet Union would be, he said with a wry smile that it was a subject he had never considered.

All Nigeria's main parties are pro-western, though the N.C.N.C. leans toward neutralism. All oppose political unions or confederations in Africa. They reject the sort of plans for a United States of Africa which are dear to Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah or Guinea's Sékou Touré. All support the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions against Nkrumah's plans for an African federation of labor. But all are equally determined that with fifty-five per cent of the population of West Africa united under one green-and-white flag at Lagos, Nigeria shall not only participate in all inter-African councils but shall do so as the biggest and most important member.

It is possible—even probable—that three (or more) different coalitions will take turns ruling Nigeria in the next few years. But all are likely to be cautious in foreign affairs, pro-Commonwealth, and pro-western. All are likely to exercise a "conservative" influence on Pan-African affairs. At the same time, French-speaking Africa fears the demographic size and economic strength of Nigeria, and its presence and size will help the soon-to-be-independent Mali Federation to recruit other members. (Dahomey and the Voltaic Republic are already interested.)

In terms of development, Nigeria is booming. The national income of $837.6 million is up fifty per cent in six years, bank deposits are up three hundred per cent, cement sales 450 per cent.

Schools are rising as fast as teachers can be found to fill them—faster, to tell the truth. Western Nigeria's eight million people have 139 secondary schools with over 80,000 pupils. This compares favorably with sixty-four secondary schools for 5.5 million Ghanians, and spectacularly with two secondary schools (with eight hundred pupils) for three million Guineans.

There is a favorable trade balance, despite considerable imports of capital equipment. Trade missions arrive constantly from all over the world. New factories are going up in many places. By 1964, Nigeria will be self-supporting in crude and diesel oil, and earning $15 million a year by sending crude to Britain to be refined. Its cacao production has risen since the war from 80,000 tons to nearly 150,000 tons, and may eventually even overtake the 250,000 tons of the world's top producer, Ghana. Agricultural modernization on the lines of Israel's mishvei (modified kibbutzim, permitting private ownership of land) are being developed in the West and will presumably spread.

Needed: A Sense of Nationhood

This is the bright side, something that will probably persist even if the political divisions so marked by the general election continue, and even if there is a little bloodshed. But the country remains uneasy. Race relations are nowhere near so good as in Ghana. Nigerianization has been slower than was hoped; there is a huge shortage of Nigerians qualified for top posts. The whites are blamed for not training Nigerians fast enough or well enough, for wanting to hold on to their jobs. There is some truth in this allegation. But the whites are also blamed for nearly everything else, and being without a voice to defend themselves they are beginning to show signs of weariness at this attitude.

Compensation for British officials who decide not to remain in Nigeria—the List B officers who can go whenever they wish, by giving twelve months' notice—is generous. Where else, it is reasoned, would a $5,600-a-year man get $22,500 capital and a pension of $2,000 a year from the age of, say, thirty-eight? Out of 657 senior officials in the federal service, only fifty-two have applied for List A—a permanent career in Nigeria. Out of sixty-one top posts in the police, fifty-three are held by whites, of whom only two are prepared to stay in the country indefinitely. The situation in the regional governments is similar.

Presumably replacements can be found—Britons, Americans, Indians, West Indians, Israelis, etc., either as "technical assistance" or on high-salary contract terms. But the outlook is not encouraging, either as regards efficiency—already tumbling—or race relations, though the latter may automatically improve after independence, as has often been the case elsewhere.

Two years from now there is unlikely to be any non-independent country left in West Africa, except perhaps the Spanish and Portuguese possessions. Mali and Madagascar have asked for the status accorded to French Cameroons (total independence but "commonwealth" links with France) and will certainly get it. The rest of French Africa is almost sure to follow. Sierra Leone and Gambia, Britain's remaining possessions in the area, should achieve independence (and union) during 1961.

The age of nationalist struggle is therefore over in West Africa, and Nigeria, which has spent perhaps too much time licking at the wounds left by colonialism, must begin to concentrate on building a sense of nationhood at home and trying to conquer its own internal divisions. Africa will probably hold the balance of power in the world of the near future, and Nigeria will almost certainly be the leading nation of Africa, so the need is urgent.

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Israel's Campaign in Africa

EMIL LENGYEL

ON THE VERANDA of the new Ambassador Hotel at Accra, the capital of Ghana, I noticed a group of young people engaged in earnest conversation one evening early last fall. They were Israeli technicians and advisers, of whom there are now close to three hundred in Ghana, and they were discussing Ghana's current Five-Year Plan and Israel's prominent role in its future.

Although Israel's ambitious technical-assistance experiment in Africa began in Ghana, it has spread to other parts of West Africa, from Dakar to Nigeria and beyond, and the same sort of experiment has been set in motion in Asia. As a result, one of the world's newest and smallest countries has acquired a prestige in many parts of Africa and Asia that can only be compared with that of the United States and the other major powers which have undertaken aid programs in underdeveloped areas.

Part of the appeal Israeli aid holds for the Africans is its low cost. Moreover, while the Israeli technicians have western skills, they themselves come from the East, from a country which has itself been a recipient of foreign aid and has faced similar economic problems—how to raise two blades of grass where one grew before, how to create industries for an area's untapped resources, and how to introduce basic social reforms without recourse to strong-arm methods. Israel's own record in social development and in raising living standards by democratic means has fired the imagination of many African and Asian leaders. Technical advisers from rich countries are adjusted to different standards, and their concepts of aid to backward nations tend to be more grandiose. The contrast was well described by an Asian official: "I spent two months in the United States on a study tour. At the end they asked me what I thought of America and I answered that it was wonderful. Fabulous! Fantastic! Then they asked me what I had learned and I said: Nothing! You see, America is too big for us. The smallest project I saw costs millions. Israel is closer to the problems we are up against."

ONE MAJOR PROBLEM of the new African states is how to become fully integrated nations. Their basic structure is still largely tribal, and a modern nation cannot tolerate political fragmentation, tribal or otherwise. On the other hand, the tribes cannot be done away with overnight. The collective and co-operative farms of Israel—kibbutzim, moshavim, and intermediary types—have impressed some of these African leaders as being especially suited to their needs. The settled tribes could continue to operate, but as economic units, not as political sovereignties.

Israel finds many advantages, of course, in its new trade-and-aid invasion of Africa. For one thing, when African countries turn to Israel they necessarily turn away from Egypt.

Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah warned the All-African People's Conference in Accra in December, 1958: "Do not let us also forget that colonialism and imperialism may come to us yet in a different guise, not necessarily from Europe." His allusion to Cairo was obvious. Nasser had made his intentions clear in his book, *Egypt's Liberation: The Philosophy of the Revolution*. "The Dark Continent," he wrote, "is now the scene of strange and excited turbulence: the white man representing various European nations is again trying to redivide the map. We shall not in any circumstance be able to stand idly by in the face of what is going on, in the false belief that it will not affect or concern us." Despite its persuasiveness, the Voice of the Arabs Radio, alternating between bravado and braggadocio, guardianship and paternalism, has not prevented a number of African states from turning to Israel. Israel, on the other hand, stands isolated by the Arab states, in need of friends and even more in need of trade outlets. Through this program of technical assistance Israel has leapfrogged across the Suez Canal into the heart of Africa. By becoming an asset to these underdeveloped countries, Israel's survival is a matter of interest to a large part of the Afro-Asian group in which the hostile Arab nations hope to play a leading role.

The mutual advantages are practical as well as political. Ghana, for instance, is rich in natural resources and is the world's largest producer of cacao; Israel purchases a number of products, including manganese, rough diamonds, bauxite, copra, oil seed, palm kernels, hides, and skins.

Israel's Point Four

Israel's African experiment began on March 6, 1957, Ghana's Independence Day. The Israeli minister of commerce and industry, representing his country in Accra, stayed on after the celebrations were over to suggest trade relations. The Ghanian government was receptive and the first shipload of cement and assorted industrial goods was on its way from Haifa to Ghana a short time later.

Today Israel's participation in Ghana's economic development, and particularly in its ambitious Five-Year Plan, includes building projects, highways, an airport, a fishing harbor, a co-operative bank, and even Ghana's major development project, the Volta River plan, to generate hydroelectric power for the production of aluminum. Israel's role in the new country's development is proclaimed in eye-catching

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posters and prominently displayed signs in the capital. At the intersection of two main streets in Accra, for instance, a new building for the Ghana Trades Union Congress is going up. It is being erected by the Ghana National Construction Company, which is jointly owned by the Ghana government, holding sixty per cent, and the Solel Boneh Company, a large construction concern belonging to Israel's nation-wide labor union, the Histadrut, holding forty per cent.

The first steamship line of black Africa, the Black Star Line, is also jointly owned by the Ghana government, holding sixty per cent of the stock, and the Zim Israel Navigation Company, holding the rest. Zim will run the line for five years, and then, according to the present contract, the government in Accra will take over. Already Israeli experts are training merchant marine officers at the Accra Nautical Academy. The line began its operations with the S.S. *Volta River* and the charter of several modern ships. Recently, a five-man Black Star delegation visited Britain to place orders for twenty freighters. The line is establishing direct service between West Africa and North America. Of further significance, as Arnold Rivkin of M.I.T. points out, Egypt would be unlikely "to interfere with free access to the Suez Canal of ships flying the flag of Ghana even if such ships would be plying routes originating or terminating in Israel."

Economic assistance is only part of Israel's activities in Ghana. A headline in the September 2, 1959, issue of the *Ghana Times,* "Israeli Training Armed Forces," introduced a detailed report about the work of Israeli instructors at Giffard Camp, an air-force base near Accra.

When I suggested to an Israeli technician that his country was engaging in an equivalent of the American Point Four Program, he replied that in his opinion it rated much higher. Its scope was indicated by Michael Comay, Israel's deputy director general of foreign affairs, last March: "If *all* the Asian and African states had normal relations with Israel, the Arabs would start reconciling themselves to the facts, and the way would be opened for a negotiated settlement."

While Ghana is certainly the most striking example of Israel's trade-and-aid program, its success there has had notable repercussions. Nigeria, at present divided into three regions, has made arrangements to draw upon Israeli technical resources when it becomes fully independent on October 1. Direct trade relations have already been established on a modest scale. Dizengoff West Africa, Ltd., an Israeli trading concern named after the first mayor of Tel-Aviv, has a branch in the capital, Lagos. The Western Region has invited the Alliance Tyre and Rubber Company of Israel to establish a branch there.

Kibbutzim for Nigeria?

The prime minister of the Eastern Region, Nnamdi Azikiwe, is particularly interested in Nigerian-Israeli trade, and his government has published a detailed "white paper" on the Israeli farm economy. It recommends the establishment of cooperative farms similar to those of Israel as a means of counteracting the tendency of rural youths to move into Nigerian towns. In both the Eastern and Western Regions of Nigeria, Israeli technicians are engaged in preparatory work on water-development projects. But Northern Nigeria, which is Moslem, still seems to be under the influence of Arab propaganda.

Nevertheless, Israel's economic influence has reached even some of those countries whose population is heavily Moslem. In recent months leaders of the new Federation of Mali, consisting of Senegal and French Sudan, formerly part of French West Africa, have paid visits to Israel. The president of the Federation, Modibo Keita, was among them, and since his return he has granted many interviews praising Israel's accomplishments and its role in the underdeveloped countries. He has helped organize groups of young Senegalese and Sudanese to visit Israel for study. President Keita, who is also prime minister of the Sudanese area, has asked Israel for advisers on farm development. Senegal also wants Israeli advice on how to diversify its agriculture, which is concentrated at present on the production of peanuts, its largest export item.

From French Equatorial Africa the premier of Chad, François Tonbalbaye, and three members of his government recently went to Israel on a two-week "tour of exploration." Another Moslem country, the Republic of Chad lies close to Egypt, and its turning toward Israel can only be regarded by Nasser as a further indication that his influence, even close to home, is slipping.

ISRAEL'S INITIATIVE in extending technical aid to underdeveloped countries now stretches through the Congo as far east as Ethiopia, and does not stop with Africa. Moshé Sharett, Israel's former prime minister and minister of foreign affairs, paid visits to key Asian nations not long ago, and Israeli technicians have been working most successfully in Burma and Hong Kong. More recently, Foreign Minister Golda Meir called on several South American countries.

A series of articles about Israel, written by a native Nigerian, Ebenezer Williams, his country's best-known journalist, is perhaps typical of the interest that the Israeli achievement has aroused in all these regions. In the concluding full-page article in the *Sunday Times* of Lagos, Mr. Williams summed up his findings during his recent trip to Israel: "My prayer and hope is that Nigeria, too, ten years after independence, will prove a land into which many flock to hear and learn another success story. To Nigeria the story of Israel gratifies the soul."

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Harlem's Magic Numbers

DAN WAKEFIELD

THE NUMBERS, or "policy," racket is illegal in New York, but it flourishes in spite of the law, the censure of the pulpit, the overwhelming odds against a player making a profit from it, and, most recently, the charge of racial discrimination in its operation. After the latest of the periodic roundups of numbers men, Harlem's Representative Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., proclaimed from the pulpit at the Abyssinian Baptist Church that the cops had as usual arrested mainly Negroes although the really big-time policy "bankers" were Italians. The Italian numbers operators, Powell said, have "run the Negro banker out of business in Harlem."

In the past, such accusations by the Reverend Mr. Powell have resulted in boycotts by Harlemites against drugstores, clothing stores, breweries, and transportation lines. But it is easier to do without pills, clothing, beer, and busses than it is to do without dreams, and the numbers game is a principal source of that essential commodity for the people of Harlem and other poor areas throughout the city.

THE COST of buying this dream is cheap. It can be had for pennies, nickels, and dimes (though some people pay several dollars, and, on rare occasions, as much as a hundred) with the promise of a 600-to-1 return for picking the three correct numbers in their proper order, and 8-to-1 for locating just one correct number in the daily combination. The numbers are based on the pari-mutuel returns of certain races at a designated track. Each of the three numbers is figured separately as the races are finished, and the numbers come in one at a time, at hour-or-so intervals. This heightens the tension and encourages further one-shot betting for those who missed on the first or second number and can bet again in hopes of recouping some of their losses. When the third number comes up, usually around four o'clock in the afternoon, there is high excitement around the many "drops" where the numbers are placed, as well as, of course, at the numbers banks. One businessman in East Harlem whose office is over a drop remarked, "I can always tell when its about four o'clock—there are people running out in the street and yelling the winning numbers and talking about what happened."

The relatively open nature of the operation is possible because it provides the easiest opportunity for graft (graft payments are considered a part of the overhead of the numbers bank) and the penalties for convictions of the lower-echelon numbers men, the ones usually picked up in roundups, are light fines—often twenty-five dollars for a first arrest. A few days after the latest big roundup, some of the "runners" in East Harlem were complaining—not about the law, but about the fact that there were so many people working as runners nowadays that it had become difficult to make a decent living any more.

The runners have cause for complaint about competition, for their earnings are figured as a percentage, usually fifteen per cent, of the bets they bring in. The runners' incomes range from about fifty to two hundred dollars a week depending on the season (the holidays are best) and the amount of regular trade they have built up. The upsurge in competition causes no complaints among bankers, however, for they get a percentage of the gross take. (The banker usually gets sixty-five per cent of the gross, out of which he pays off the hits as well as the overhead of graft, rent, and salaries to bookkeepers and adding-machine operators. The other thirty-five per cent of the gross goes to the "controller," a sort of branch manager, who pays the runners.)

Although the bets are often penny-ante, the profits are enormous. Authorities agree that the numbers game is the most widespread illegal activity in New York City, with an estimated 1,500,000 players putting down a total of about $300,000 a day. Another educated guess is that as much as $4 million is bet each month in Harlem and the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn alone. In making his plea for Harlemites to lay off the numbers, Congressman Powell said that half of the gross profits go to bankers and higher-ups in the racket (mostly Italians, a few Jews) and that therefore a probable minimum of $1 million a month from salaries, pensions, and relief checks goes to people "outside the community."

A Major Industry

But the other side of the coin is that if Powell's estimate is correct, another million from numbers betting stays *in* the community, where it is an important item in the over-all economy. There are an estimated ten thousand people employed in the various phases of the numbers operation throughout the city; and whatever the exact figure, it seems certain that an end to the numbers would mean a sudden wave of unemployment in Harlem.

If it is true, as Mr. Powell has charged, that most of the big-time bankers are Italians, they at least can claim a certain historical justice, since the numbers or policy game is said to be an import brought to New York by Italian immigrants in the late nineteenth century. H. L. Mencken, in *The American Language,* wrote that the term "policy" was derived from the Italian word "*pòlizza,*" meaning voucher or receipt, and first came into American usage around 1885.

Except for the sure profits to be

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gained from operating as bankers, however, the Italians seem to have given up their old game. The numbers remains the game of the slums—the poor man's roulette—and as the Italians have advanced up the social scale out of the slums they have left the numbers behind, along with the tenements, to be inherited by the Negroes and Puerto Ricans. There are, of course, players of every national origin who have not yet made it up from the slums. A number of Jewish women employed in the garment industry play as regularly as their Negro and Puerto Rican fellow workers, and help make the garment district one of the busiest number centers. Presumably when all these working women reach the leisure of lower-middle-class affluence, they will leave the numbers behind, as so many Italian women have, and report to the bingo tables.

'Maybe I'll Hit Today'

Perhaps some day the Negroes and Puerto Ricans, too, will make it to the afternoon bingo games, but in the meantime they stake their hopes and their pennies on the numbers. Women doing the wash in the basements of Harlem housing projects exchange tips and always report to the others when they "dream a number"—the Italians had their *Libro dei Sogni*—so that their friends can have a chance to get rich, too. There is nothing shameful about being seen at a drop; in fact, housewives line up on the sidewalk each year at Christmas in front of one East Harlem numbers bank to receive the free chicken the banker gives to each of his regular customers.

One elderly woman whose family is often ill-clothed and underfed was quite offended when a neighbor suggested that she stop putting so much money on the numbers. "It's my hobby!" she explained. There are so many greater evils around that the numbers racket seems virtuous by comparison. A Puerto Rican who had been looked down on for dealing in narcotics called a friend and announced with great pride: "Listen, I'm out of narcotics—I've gone legit. I'm in the numbers."

When there is night racing going on at the tracks, there is also night action on the numbers, and the gathering at one of the banks in East

Harlem around eleven o'clock to wait for the results is something of a social occasion. The talk is of what each one will do if he makes a hit. Perhaps he will buy a car, or a house in the country.

In East Harlem, which is largely Puerto Rican, many of the dreams are of going back to visit, or to live, in Puerto Rico. As one young Puerto Rican man in the neighborhood observed, "If a Puerto Rican hits, he'll usually go back to Puerto Rico to see his friends and relatives. But the Negroes—they're like displaced persons—they don't have anyplace to go. They don't want to go down South and go through all that. Usually they just put everything they win right back in the numbers."

For even those few who hit, the dream doesn't often come true. But nothing sullies the hope of salvation. Every player knows a story about someone (a friend, or the friend of a friend, or somebody up in the next block) who hit and made the escape to a better life. A Harlem housewife assured a visitor that "There was a lady right here, in this project, who made a big hit, and bought a house in the Bronx."

How else can you live in the slums and buy a dream like that so cheap?

Exiles in the Capital

ALAN BARTH

On the second and fourth Monday of each month the House of Representatives turns itself into a municipal council for the District of Columbia. On these "District Days" congressmen from New Jersey and New Mexico, from South Carolina and South Dakota, decide such questions as whether the sale of paregoric in District drugstores shall be permitted by oral or by written prescription, and whether Washingtonians shall be required to leash their dogs in warm weather. The United States Senate fulfills the same local function. Toward the end of the last session of Congress, the Senate paused in its deliberations on the pending labor bill, defense appropriations, and foreign aid, to adopt legislation authorizing St. Ann's Infant Asylum to expand and change its name to St. Ann's Infant and Maternity Home. The House gave its approval at the same time to a bill permitting a respected District organization known as the Association of the Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia to purchase an abandoned firehouse and convert it into the society's headquarters.

Shortly after the end of the Second World War, the commissioners of the District—three administrative officials appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate—decided to remove two stone piers that had been set at one end of East Executive Avenue, the short street running between the White House and the Treasury Department. These had been erected to keep automobile traffic from moving through the street during the war. With the commissioners, to decide was not quite the same as to act. A bill had to be introduced in the House of Representatives to authorize removal of the piers. This important piece of legislation was referred to the House Committee on the District of Columbia, was duly considered by that body in the course of hearings designed to give opponents an opportunity to express themselves, and, when District Day rolled around again, was brought to the floor of the House. The House,

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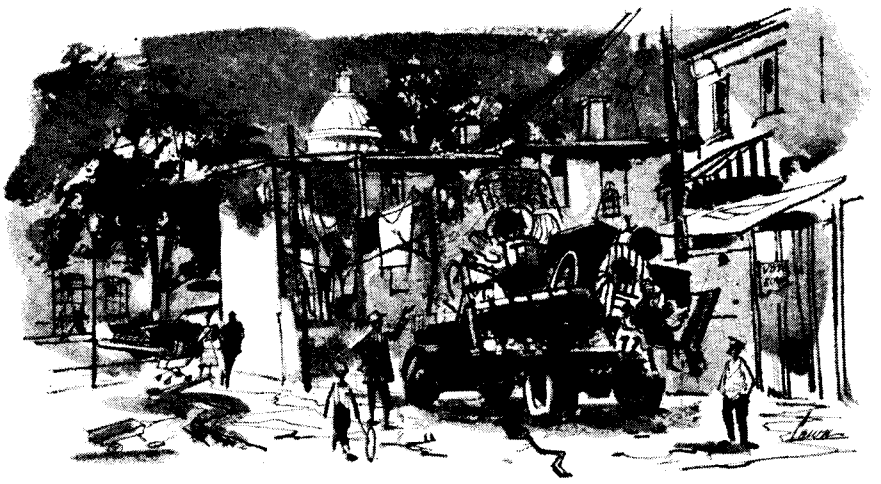
after appropriate debate, passed the bill and sent it to the Senate. There, of course, it was referred to the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, which studied it and reported it favorably. The Senate, in time, gave the measure its approval and sent it to the White House. Appropriate advisers of the President reviewed it and gave it their blessing, and the President signed it into law. With this happy consummation of their hopes, the District commissioners were at last free to send a bulldozer to East Executive Avenue; and in about ten minutes the two stone piers were gone.

Such legislative duties are an irritant to most men sent to Washington to advance the interests of their constituents and to serve as lawmakers for a great nation. Some members of Congress have devoted time and energy most generously to the management of District affairs—a devotion which was rarely applauded by the residents of their home towns and which the residents of the District had no means of rewarding. To some members of Congress, however, ruling a city of 850,000 inhabitants must bring a heady sense of power. Of the twenty-five members of the House District Committee, sixteen are Democrats, most of them Southerners. John L. McMillan of Florence, South Carolina (pop. 22,513), has been chairman of the committee, except for two brief Republican interludes, since 1946. The ranking members of the committee and chairmen of its subcommittees are Thomas G. Abernethy of Okolona, Mississippi (pop. 2,167), Howard W. Smith of Broad Run, Virginia (pop. less than 1,000), James C. Davis of Stone Mountain, Georgia (pop. 1,899), and James H. Morrison of Hammond, Louisiana (pop. 8,010). They govern the District of Columbia as a satrapy, in zealous conformity with the prejudices of the folks back home.

Disfranchisement by Default

This kind of rule means that the people of Washington have less control over their own affairs than do the people of Guam or Samoa. They have nothing to say, for example, about the selection of their school board, about the operation of their public-welfare institutions, about the



performance of their police or fire departments. They can do nothing to rebuke arrogance or inefficiency among their city officials. They have no vote in determining the taxes imposed upon them and no voice in determining how the revenue raised by those taxes shall be spent.

How did this anomaly come about? How is it that the capital of a self-governing nation is denied any semblance of self-government? There is a widespread notion that the men who established the Republic wanted it this way. Nothing could be further from the fact. They provided in the Constitution that Congress should "exercise exclusive legislation" over the area ceded by Maryland and Virginia to serve as the site of the Federal city—by which they meant simply that none of the states should have control of the area. But they took it as a matter of course that Congress would delegate to the people of the city power to manage their local affairs. In *The Federalist*, James Madison undertook to allay any anxiety that Washingtonians would be deprived of their rights under the proposed Constitution by asserting that "a municipal legislature for local purposes, derived from their own suffrages, will of course be allowed them."

When the newly created Federal government took control of the District of Columbia in 1800, residents lost their right to vote in national elections and to be represented in Congress because these were attributes of statehood. They started out, however, with the privilege of home rule. In its first charter in 1802, Congress gave Washington a municipal council of twelve members who were elected annually by qualified voters; the President of the United States appointed a mayor. In 1812, Congress liberalized the local government by providing for a board of aldermen and a common council, both to be popularly elected, and for a mayor to be elected in a joint vote by the board and council. Popular election of the mayor was added in 1820, and this system of full local self-government continued until 1871, when Congress decided to treat the District as a territory.

The territorial form of government continued for only three years. Governor Alexander R. Shepherd undertook an ambitious program of urban reconstruction and beautification which plunged the District into debt, and the financial panic of 1873 turned the indebtedness into bankruptcy. At the same time, there was a violent reaction in Congress against the enfranchisement of Negroes and the civil-rights acts adopted for their protection after the Civil War. It would hardly have been possible to disfranchise only the Negroes in the national capital. But the end could be accomplished without the appearance of discrimination by disfranchising all the residents of Washington. This was certainly a motivating influence behind the action of Congress in 1874 in setting up, as a kind of receivership for the Shepherd régime, a temporary government consisting of three appointed commissioners with extremely limited powers. This expedient was intended to continue only until the House and Senate could agree upon a permanent form of government for the District. The House voted for a District council to be elected

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by the people. The Senate voted for a District delegate to Congress. A conference committee found itself unable to reconcile the differences

between these two measures. And so, in default of an agreement rather than as a considered policy, the commission form of government was made permanent in 1878.

PATIENTLY and persistently, the people of Washington have sought for the past twenty years to recover some portion of their rights as American citizens. To give them effective voting representation in Congress and an opportunity to vote in national elections would, admittedly, require a Constitutional amendment. But to restore to them the measure of home rule they enjoyed prior to 1874 would require no more than a simple act of Congress. The fact that during the first seventy-four years of its existence as the national capital Washington enjoyed varying degrees of self-government as decreed by Congress affords an effective answer to the bogus Constitutional question respecting home rule raised by House District Committee Chairman McMillan as a device for forestalling Congressional action.

Home rule for the District has been pledged in the platforms of both major political parties. Presidents Truman and Eisenhower have warmly endorsed it. In a message to Congress in 1952, Mr. Truman said: "Local self-government is both the right and responsibility of free men. The denial of self-government does not befit the national capital of the world's largest and most powerful democracy. Not only is the lack of self-government an injustice to the people of the District of Columbia but it imposes a needless burden on the Congress and it tends to controvert the principles for which this country stands before the world." In a message to Congress when it convened just a year ago, Mr. Eisenhower declared that further delay in granting home rule to the District would be "unconscionable." Vice-President Nixon and Senators Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson, and Kennedy have lent their several voices to the cause.

The Senate has passed home-rule legislation five times in the past decade. Nevertheless, in Congress after Congress, home-rule bills have died—not in the House of Representatives itself but in the House Committee on District Affairs, which has refused to let the House vote on these bills.

The reason for the House District Committee's refusal to let home rule come to a vote seems obvious: Negroes constitute fifty-three per cent of the District population. The men who dominate the House District Committee—and the people they represent in Florence, Okolona, and Broad Run—have shown no desire to enfranchise Negroes, and supporters of home rule for the capital believe that in order to keep Negroes from voting, these men are willing to deprive all the 850,000 Americans living in Washington of the basic rights of American citizenship.

THIS YEAR the people of Washington have a real hope that a measure of self-government will at last be restored to them. The hope rests upon a petition now being circulated among members of the House of Representatives to discharge a pending home-rule bill from the possession of the House District Committee. If a total of 219 representatives sign the petition, the home-rule bill will be brought to the floor of the House for debate and decision. When Congress recessed in September, the petition had been signed, according to reliable reports, by 125 House members. Congressmen are reluctant to short-cut the regular procedures of the House and, in effect, to rebuke a committee by taking a measure out of its hands. Indeed, only a single piece of legislation has ever found its way to enactment through this extraordinary route. But there seems to be no other way to give the House a chance to vote on home rule.

The bill on which Washington's hopes now rest provides for a very circumscribed form of self-government. Nevertheless, it would give residents of the capital a legislative assembly chosen by them and responsible to them; and this assembly would act on local policies, programs, taxes, and appropriations. A governor of the District would be appointed by the President and would have power to veto acts of the assembly. In addition, the President himself would have a second absolute veto over any act of which he disapproved. Finally, Congress would, of course, retain its power to undo anything done by the District government—or, for that matter, to take away entirely, at any time, whatever self-governing authority it had granted. In addition to its home-rule features, the bill would give the District a speaking but nonvoting delegate in the House of Representatives.

This is a much milder measure than the home-rule legislation passed by the Senate in the last session of

Congress. That bill, introduced by Senator Wayne Morse, would give the District an elected mayor and a council which could act as a school board as well, and it would not accord any veto authority to the President. There is, however, no

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present likelihood of its being adopted by the House.

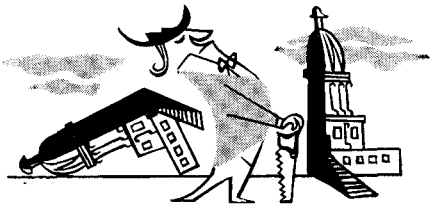
Washington has sought the right of self-government in local affairs by the traditional and Constitutional method of petitioning Congress for a redress of its grievances. A Home Rule Committee led by distinguished District citizens has patiently sought to make known to Congress and the country the ills and disadvantages that arise from disfranchisement. Although their hopes have been dashed repeatedly by the Southern clique that controls the House District Committee, they have returned perennially to Congress with cheerful confidence in the ultimate willingness of the American people to extend democracy to all Americans. The granting of statehood to Alaska and Hawaii has fortified that confidence. This seems to be the year for the District of Columbia, the last outcast of American democracy.

We Hold These Truths . . .

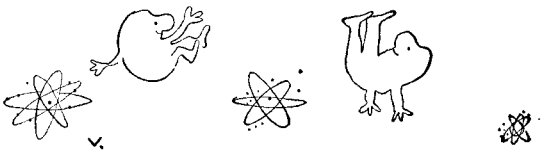
If this hope, too, should die aborning—if the arbitrariness of John McMillan should again prevail over the claims of liberty—one can hardly foretell to what lengths despair may drive the people of Washington, descendants, many of them, of those Americans who, through force of arms, cast off the tyrannical rule of George III. Frustration and anger have led some of them to feel that when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security.

These radicals have already taken the view that revolution is now the only remedy, that the time has come, indeed, to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with the United States, to submit their grievances to a candid world.

If this be treason, they say, make the most of it.



VIEWS & REVIEWS



The Dream of Reason

HOWARD NEMEROV

MANY PEOPLE of more or less my age, having done their forty years in the wilderness and grown somewhat at home there, show signs of regret and even, occasionally, resentment about entering the promised land of science, that ambiguous Utopia which is acceptable only as each day's tomorrow. We were much influenced in earlier years by Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World,* in which the proposition was (perhaps for the last time) seriously stated that Shakespeare was not merely preferable but also antithetical to planned parenthood; it was somewhere between our matriculation and our enlistment that the mad scientist came from the comic strip bearing his death rays, incendiary bats, and apocalyptic powders, and the world settled for a career in science fiction. I am being unjust to the scientists among us, but never mind; for the existence of people of my age proves only that in the matter of planned obsolescence nature was ahead even of General Motors.

The world has gone a long way, and I don't know if I went along. The technical pronouncements of scientists about their various trades are frequently quite incomprehensible to me, and even resemble mystical revelations or metaphysical poems (all that about anti-matter, for example), while the nontechnical pronouncements of scientists upon the more generally human concerns of religion, culture, civilization—the future—have sometimes an air of strange and only half-intentional comedy: Archimago the guileful great enchanter as he might be if *The Faerie Queene* were done by Walt Disney.

The Darwin centennial as celebrated recently at the University of Chicago brought together forty-seven leading biologists and geneticists who, according to William L. Laurence in the New York *Times,* "dealt with all the fundamental questions to which the theory of evolution gave new meaning. How did life begin? What happened before it started? Is the evolution of man completed? Does evolution necessarily mean progress? How did man develop mind? Where did society come from? How does culture shape the future? Is there evolution outside the earth? What is man's fate?"

All these questions, and perhaps especially the last, are of some interest also to the nonscientist, or would be if he were able to understand the answers, and I should like to comment here on "one of the most provocative presentations" of the centennial, the remarks of Professor Hermann J. Muller, Nobel Prize-winning geneticist. My description of these is drawn from the account given by Mr. Laurence in "A Century After Darwin, a Geneticist Foresees Guided Human Evolution" in the *Times's* "Science in Review" for Sunday, November 29, 1959. It will be sufficiently plain that I am not speaking as a scientist, but perhaps I ought to add that my criticisms have no intention of impugning Professor Muller's scientific work, or his high standing in his own mystery.

Professor Muller's thesis is that evolution has been blind through billions of years, but need no longer be so. "From now on, evolution is what we make it, provided that we choose the true and the good. Otherwise we shall sink back into oblivion."

This is Delphic enough to raise doubts: one might think that, given the technical means to transform

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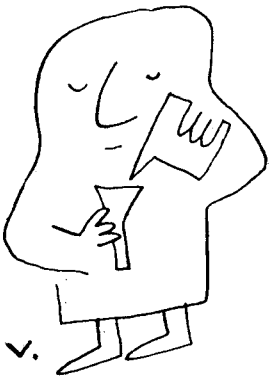
the biological future, evolution would be what we made it whether we chose the true and the good or the false and the evil. As to sinking back into oblivion, it is unhappily not hard to imagine a clan of sages, with refrigerated genes in either hand, deciding that this is a human



condition profoundly to be desired, as against the life of conscience and anxiety, and acting accordingly, so that our descendants would browse on salads in the fields, like Nebuchadnezzar. The power of meddling in the future, as many mythologies will show, is a double and dubious one; the fairy godmother appears at the christening and says of the child, "He may have one Freudian wish."

Still, all moral action is a means of meddling with the future (though none heretofore, unless possibly the project for the Tower of Babel, has proposed itself on so spectacular a scale), and one cannot argue against this particular sample without arguing against the nature of moral action conceived in it. My own doubts concern some of Professor Muller's assumptions about the desirability of what is possible, and about the simplicity with which man, especially scientific man, is capable of interpreting the true and the good.

We read in the *Times**: "Any relaxation in genetic selection, Dr. Muller said, results in some genetic deterioration by allowing detrimental mutant genes . . . to accumulate to a higher frequency. At the present time, he maintained, modern culture 'is giving rein to biological decadence.' "

Again, this is a matter of assumptions. We may note that the term "biological decadence" is unabashedly a moral and political one, scarcely even masquerading as scientific; its opposite, which might be used to describe Dr. Muller's remedy, might very well be called "biological Republicanism." It involves the supposition that you know not only what farm hands and factory workers are for, but also what man is for; further, that you are now able to back up your knowledge with effective action, so that if your idea of what man is for is not at present diagnostically true it can be made diagnostically true in the future—by making man over in the image of your idea.

To achieve the desired end, Professor Muller goes on, "some long-entrenched attitudes, especially the feelings of proprietary rights and prerogatives about one's own germinal material, supported by misplaced egotism, will have to yield to some extent. This feeling [sic] does not represent a natural instinct, since there are primitive tribes yet alive who do not have even the concept of biological fatherhood. . . ."

I do not wish to oppose Professor Muller on sentimental grounds; if those rights and prerogatives are bad, let them vanish. Nor do I want to make him appear as a monster purposefully propagating monstrosities, for the values he wishes to achieve genetically are simply, as Mr. Laurence explains, "the same as those already recognized as the chief aims in the bringing up and education of children. . . ."

And I do not disbelieve in the power of geneticists to accomplish such miracles; I do have doubts about the propriety of their doing so. The propriety I mean is not simply a moral one, or a delicacy about sexual and reproductive matters, but the propriety of employing so immense a force *as though* its results were predictable if its results are in fact not predictable at all.

Here is the program for the endowment of future generations with "a new morality" made possible by artificial insemination, which, given some little technical improvement, would allow children to be adopted, according to Professor Muller, "not merely after birth but even, as it were, before fertilization." ("As it were," so placed in the sentence, is a fine stroke of comedy.) "This will provide the opportunity of bearing a child resulting from the union, under the microscope, of reproductive cells one or both of which may have been derived from persons who exemplified the ideals of the foster parents."

He goes on to say that these reproductive cells would "preferably be derived from persons long deceased" (he doesn't say why; possibly on the Greek theory that one should call no man happy—or wise, or genetically sound—until he is dead), and adds, with a certain dry enthusiasm in what I take to be Mr. Laurence's paraphrase, that "This procedure would make the most precious genetic heritage of all humanity—the genetic endowments of the Einsteins, Beethovens, da Vincis, Shakespeares, Lincolns of each generation—'available for nurturing into childhood and adulthood.' "

As if this were not enough, even more predictability about the nature of the progeny could be attained by a kind of parthenogenesis—the duplication of a complete individual either from a male or female germ cell alone. In this way, according to the *Times* report, "the offspring will obtain his hereditary equipment entirely from one individual, with whom he will be as identical genetically as if he were his identical twin." You would take all this hereditary equipment from "the cell of some pre-existing person, chosen on the evidence of the life he or she had led, and his or her tried potentialities. In this manner, it would become possible to bring back to life outstanding individuals long since dead, perpetuating for all future generations large numbers of men and women of genius in all fields of endeavor. This would, in a sense, represent a form of physical immortality."

And the *Times* concludes with a solemn augury: "Experiments along these lines have already succeeded in creating parthenogenetic frogs."

LET ME THINK a bit about making available "the most precious genetic heritage of all humanity—the genetic endowments of the Einsteins, Beethovens, da Vincis, Shakespeares, Lincolns of each genera-

*The *Times* account is not invariably clear in distinguishing by quotation marks the boundary between Dr. Muller's words and Mr. Laurence's paraphrase.

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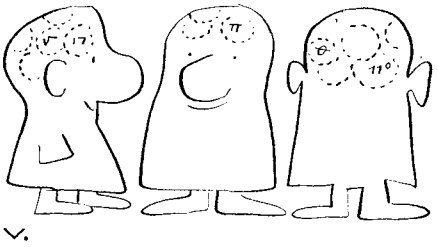
tion." A noble aim. And yet some questions do come up.

First, I observe that Dr. Muller is reported as speaking about these extraordinary phenomena in the plural and as occurring in each generation, whereas I should have thought that each of his examples represented something in the last degree singular and unrepeatable, not only in genetic but in historical terms. Even on a less world-shaking scale—if we were to consider making available the genetic endowment not of Shakespeare but of, say, Offenbach—might not the prospect of a few hundred Offenbachs in the next generation seem to us absurd and not a little sinister? So much more a gaggle of Shakespeares. And what becomes of the idea of the individual (one of those obsolete misnomers, like "atom," meaning "what cannot be divided")?

In the same connection, consider the historical implications of this



device. Would the genes of Beethoven produce new Beethovens who could compose—to take it with the most naïve literalism—the sonatas of Beethoven? But we already have those. Well, then, a little less literally, would they write in the style of Beethoven—imitation Beethoven sonatas? Worse yet (and we already have some of those, too). Assume finally that "the proper environment and education" would take care of that, there remains the question what all these Beethovens would do in the world; could their genetic equipment comfortably absorb the influences of Wagner, Debussy, Schönberg? The object, of course, must be that they would do for music in their time what Beethoven did for music in his time (even so, the idea of a lot of them doing it seems odd)—but, to put the extreme question, could their genetic equipment absorb, whether comfortably or not, the influence of Beethoven? He did, after all, exist, and he wrote all that music. It appears that the production of an abundance of Beethovens might be only an embarrassment to the world.

Second, is the matter of genetic endowment so simple as all that? Presumably this endowment inseparably contains *all* and not only some of the traits of the person it produces. Would society then settle for the reproduction of numerous Beethovens congenitally gifted with music and syphilis together? Of so many Leonardos in whom painting and pederasty go together? No doubt it is easy to contemplate irritating the oyster to achieve the pearl, but do you deliberately and with a good conscience condemn your Keatses and Kafkas, Mozarts and Schuberts, to suffering lives and early deaths with the object of benefiting from their anguish?

A third point under this first heading—how do you make up your mind which genetic endowment is the most precious? If the selection committee had been required to choose during the period of Beethoven's early maturity, when his reproductive cells would presumably have been fertile, should we not with near absolute certainty have had a progeny of Rossinis instead? Rossinis are a grand and agreeable commodity, but they are not Beethovens.

Again, Professor Muller or his reporter assumes, with a charming kindliness, that the world's loving admiration is extended with a certain uniformity to those contemporaries who will later be renowned for art, science, and statesmanship so far above politics as to resemble a condition of sanctity. But supposing we agreed that "the persons who exemplified the ideals of the foster parents" would very often be the same as the persons whose pictures hang on their walls, whose names are most often and potently in their newspapers, and after whom they do now in fact name their children. From the past couple of decades what a crop we should have produced of Hitlers, Stalins, Maos—balanced, of course, on the cultural side, by thousands of Bing Crosbys, hundreds of Billy Grahams, and a few dozen Immanuel Velikovskys.

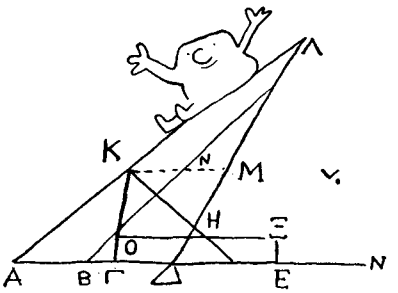
Imagine the danger to foster parents, not to mention the children, who had opted for and received likenesses of Stalin, and then had to cross the periods of Beria, Malenkov, and Khrushchev, with those fatal images growing daily more recognizable beside them.

Of course all this will be done, when it is done, with the greatest circumspection and dispassionate wisdom, by committees of—scientists.

MY SECOND SUBJECT, following Dr. Muller's argument, is parthenogenesis, the duplication of a complete individual either from a male or a female cell alone. By this means, "even more predictability about the nature of the progeny could be attained" than by artificial insemination.

As I have already suggested, the idea of "duplicating" an "individual" contains a contradiction; but let us allow that to be a defect, or obsolescence, in the nature of language itself, rather than in Dr. Muller's thought, and pass on to ask, concerning the idea of "predictability," whether it is possible and whether it is desirable.

I do not doubt the technical possibility that what Dr. Muller is able to do with frogs his geneticist descendants will sooner or later, probably sooner, be able to do with us. But once again the theme of history comes in, and in this connection it might be expressed as follows: "History does not really repeat itself; and the world is full of the ruined cities of peoples who believed it did." Perhaps no better recipe for the mass production of human suffering has ever been found than bringing people up to believe that the world is as



their fathers saw it and need only be faced in the same way; perhaps no better recipe for human suffering could ever be found than to produce people so endowed as to be incapable of believing anything else.

Historians are accustomed to see

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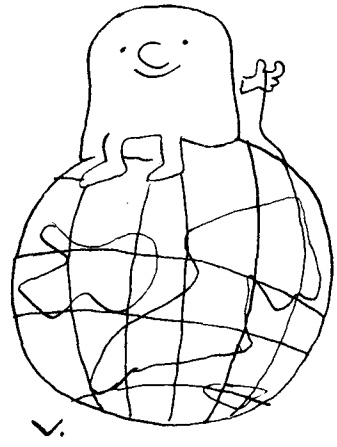
everywhere this elemental and calamitous want of imagination blinding an old world to the existence of a new: in what numbers, through the ages, the deceived children of royalty and success go to the block, the guillotine, the doomed campaign, making stoical and witty remarks as they disappear from the stage in St. Petersburg and Paris, Byzantium and Peking; lamenting so often that they have not been faithful to the ancestral ways, when in fact it is as often this fidelity which has betrayed them. The same judgment is rendered by Shakespeare, whose armored giants blunder and fall in a world which changed while they refused to look: Richard II, Gloucester and Lear, Antony, destroyed by new, efficient, somewhat cold men who can use the present because they do not love or want or understand the past. That all this is sad is undeniable, but there may be some objections to instituting a genetic program which shall ensure a constant supply of tragic heroes.

In a limited sense, what Professor Muller proposes is possible, or will foreseeably become so: "In this manner," according to the *Times*, "it would become possible to bring back to life outstanding individuals long since dead, perpetuating for all future generations large numbers of men and women of genius in all fields of endeavor." In this manner it would become possible for a man to make sure not only that his son carried on his business after he was gone but also that he made the same mistakes in it.

It is admittedly difficult to see how literally we are to take all of this, or how literally Professor Muller takes it. But what is Leonardo to do in the world, given that he is once again Leonardo? What is he to be, if not Leonardo? The line of thought, at best not free of mythological elements, here approaches the popular Sunday-supplement question, What Would Jesus Do If He Returned to Earth Today? The accompanying picture always shows Jesus costumed *de chez* Raphael and Lloyd Douglas, with a streetful of people not unnaturally gaping after Him—their curiosity kindly rather than mocking, of course—and thus suggests by antithesis some reasons for His perhaps being a touch hard to recognize if He did in fact appear.

Again, parthenogenesis, which might be described as incest squared, or as fertile masturbation, or as sexual solipsism ("As if a man were author of himself and knew no other kin"—*Coriolanus,* Act V, Scene 3) would selectively breed traits considered to be valuable, intensifying these and weakening, or finally excluding, others, all in the name of predictability.

But considering once more the historical question, and the passage of "real" time over the genetic "immortality," how predictable would be



the behavior resulting from a determinate set of characteristics in a new situation? If predictability in this meaning extends to the particulars of behavior, we should have to say that Marie Antoinette, supposing her to be repeated in this manner, would somehow manage to get herself guillotined in the twenty-first century or so. Absurd. Granted, it is absurd. But it is not less absurd to think of predictability as not having this meaning, for then it has no meaning at all except that the behavior of what is predictable will not be predictable. Under this condition, imagine rapidly in succession the reproduction in modern circumstances of Beau Brummell, Thomas Aquinas, and Cato the Censor: they are not to behave as they did in fact behave, but they are to behave as they would behave, given their—what shall we say?—characters, personalities, souls, selves, genes, in a situation incalculably altered, and, moreover, with the example of themselves constantly before their eyes. What is so predictable about that, except disaster? Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour! But if he were, what? And would he read Milton? And if there were more than one of him? From his point of view the situation would be intolerable, not less so from ours. Milton, go home!

It is not considered seemly these days to joke about science, which invites a respectful silence from the lay person, but I am afraid that a number of these jokes make themselves, or have already been made by Professor Muller, and very sorry jokes they are, too. His conclusion about perpetuating the large numbers of dead geniuses by parthenogenesis is the punch line already quoted from Mr. Laurence's interpretive article in the *Times*: "This would, in a sense, represent a form of physical immortality."

"In a sense" comes in here with what a comedian would call good timing. The "sense" is commonly attributed in the first place to Plato, who thought the perpetuating of oneself in children an inferior form of immortality, and is no doubt as good as it ever was, though showing as usual a surprising indifference to what people want physical immortality for; that is, to be always happy and never to die. Whether the latter condition would include the former is another thing, as Swift shows in his parable of the Struldbrugs; but perhaps the scientists, who offer the cold consolation of this immortality "in a sense" rather often, should find some other term for the expression of their meaning.

WE HAVE RAISED some questions about the possibility of a genetically induced predictability in human character. Now we should ask, assuming the thing to be possible, who wants it? Let us resist the temptation to say, whether despairingly or with cheerful cynicism, that They want it.

But we see that predictability is associated, by those who do want it, with rationality and control; and so far as can be seen from the account of Dr. Muller's talk, no slightest suspicion of the entire benevolence of this enterprise has ever come into his head.

No doubt it is man's earnest and noble desire to control things, to make them accessible to reason, to make them predictable, and thus

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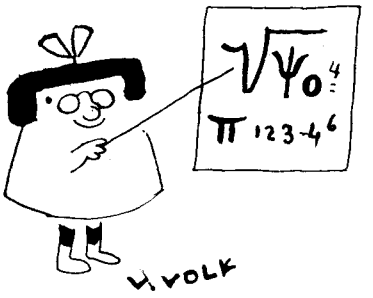
change such of them as he finds undesirable. As long as he has to do with things, this object does not conflict with his other great object of freedom; rather, the one increases the other, and that is an excellent reason for valuing very highly indeed the methods and achievements of science. But you cannot long have to do with things without also having to do with people, and here the matter is less settled. Supposing it to be magically within my power to make you a nicer fellow. Ought not I to do so at once? But of course. On the other hand, what do I mean by a nicer fellow? It is extremely probable that I mean a fellow who will concur in anything I say or do, or at least won't get in my way when he can't. This is not the whole dream of power, but only its first and most moderate form; the gas chambers come later, when the simple existence of other not so nice fellows, even when not directly in the way, becomes an intolerable itch.

Calmly, please. I am not associating Professor Muller with tyranny in any form; I am only inquiring what happens to the products of the laboratory when once they come out of that austere and pure environment and get into other hands—Tamburlaine's, or Napoleon's, or yours, or mine.

A few years ago, the grand supranational unity of science was badly ruffled by the discoveries, or the pretensions, depending which side you were on, of the Russian geneticist Lysenko concerning the possibility of modifying mankind by the hereditary transmission of acquired characteristics, so that, for example, a Stakhanovite father might easily be made to conceive a Stakhanovite son, to whom overwork would be natural and instinctual.

The Lysenko crisis is quiet at present (though not necessarily settled; see for example "The Third Stage in Genetics," by Donald Michie, in *A Century of Darwin*, ed. S. A. Barnett, London, 1958), but not the least of its effects while it lasted was the widely disputed question whether there could be not one but two biologies, a Soviet one identified with Stalin and Lysenko fundamentally opposed to a bourgeois or capitalist one identified with Mendel and Weismann (at least not with the head of a state, to be thankful for small mercies). According to the former, you might soon be able to change human beings at will in the space of a generation or so; according to the latter, you would never be able to do any such thing, the germ cells being inaccessible, immortal, a direct heritage from Adam playing no part in the life of their individual bearer, and, in effect, an entity as near being the soul itself as you could have without effectively having it. Which of these theories was correct, assuming that either was, bothered some people less than the frightful suggestion behind it: that science itself, pure and rational though it might seem, was in fact socially conditioned and much given to mythologizing, fulfilling wishes, rationalizing fantasies. It did not make matters any better, from our side, that Marx had already said as much. Shakespeare too had observed that reason panders will, but his observation had not achieved scientific status.

Now, although Professor Muller has not raised the Lysenko heresy—and it is odd how that word "heresy" creeps from field to field, and from one authority to another—has he not by some accident propounded a sinister bourgeois equivalent to the Soviet nightmare? In each vision, Someone is to decide upon a biologi-



cal future for man, and do his (doubtless very effective) best to ensure that it shall come to pass. The children of the day after tomorrow, and theirs into remote ages, are to live not merely among the ruined cathedrals and nonsensical superstitions of their progenitors, which is what people do already, but also under a genetic compulsion to repeat indefinitely the shallow virtues, moderate intelligences, and doom-ridden fantasies of the same.

Why is this necessary?

Because, says Professor Muller, any relaxation in genetic selection results in some genetic deterioration by allowing detrimental mutant genes to accumulate to a higher frequency. At the present time, modern culture is "giving rein to biological decadence."

The sense in which he employs this term "biological decadence" is probably, in the first place, our failure to embark on a long-range program of breeding with conscious intention as to the results—a failure, in his terms, "to choose the true and the good."

Behind this, however, in passing he recommends his remedy as a "response to the challenge arising from the modern uses of radiation."

It is a remedy as staunchly conservative in its human object as it is wildly radical in its scientific means.

But with all good will, I cannot see that the scientist, who has made available "the modern uses of radiation" which he admittedly is unable to control and does not accept responsibility for, can claim in advance that on account of his responsibility and control the consciously organized breeding of human beings for particular purposes, even if these are thought to be virtuous ones, will not in the same way come into the hands of the possessors of political power.

LET US CONCLUDE our discussion with a couple of mottoes to guide all right-thinking persons in their consideration of these great matters. The first is from *The Tempest*:

PROSPERO: I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN: O ho, O ho! Would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

The second is that one of Goya's *Caprichos* showing a man asleep with his head on a desk; a huge cat raises its head nearby, and from behind him arise many owl-faced, bat-winged creatures who stare at him and ourselves. On the side of the desk the painter has written: "*El sueño de la razón produce monstruos*"; "The dream of reason begets monsters."

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Tribute to Albert Camus

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

SIX MONTHS AGO, even yesterday, people wondered: "What is he going to do?" Temporarily, torn by contradictions that must be respected, he had chosen silence. But he was one of those rare men we can well afford to wait for, because they are slow to choose and remain faithful to their choice. Some day he would speak out. We could not even have dared hazard a guess as to what he might say. But we thought that he had changed with the world as we all do; that was enough for us to be aware of his presence.

He and I had quarreled. A quarrel doesn't matter—even if those who quarrel never see each other again—just another way of living together without losing sight of one another in the narrow little world that is allotted us. It didn't keep me from thinking of him, from feeling that his eyes were on the book or newspaper I was reading and wondering: "What does he think of it? What does he think of it *at this moment?*"

His silence, which according to events and my mood I considered sometimes too cautious and sometimes painful, was a quality of every day like heat or light, but it was human. We lived with or against his thought as it was revealed to us in his books—especially *The Fall,* perhaps the finest and least understood—but always in relation to it. It was an exceptional adventure of our culture, a movement of which we tried to guess the phases and the final outcome.

He represented in our time the latest example of that long line of *moralistes* whose works constitute perhaps the most original element in French letters. His obstinate humanism, narrow and pure, austere and sensual, waged an uncertain war against the massive and formless events of the time. But on the other hand through his dogged rejections he reaffirmed, at the heart of our epoch, against the Machiavellians and against the Idol of realism, the existence of the moral issue.

In a way, he *was* that resolute affirmation. Anyone who read or reflected encountered the human values he held in his fist; he questioned the political act. One had to avoid him or fight him—he was indispensable to that tension which makes intellectual life what it is. His very silence, these last few years, had something positive about it: This Descartes of the Absurd refused to leave the safe ground of morality and venture on the uncertain paths of practicality. We sensed this and we also sensed the conflicts he kept hidden, for ethics, taken alone, both requires and condemns revolt.

We were waiting; we had to wait; we had to know. Whatever he did or decided subsequently, Camus would

never have ceased to be one of the chief forces of our cultural activity or to represent in his way the history of France and of this century. But we should probably have known and understood his itinerary. He said so himself: *"My work lies ahead."* Now it is over. The particular scandal of his death is the abolition of the human order by the inhuman.

The human order is still but a disorder: it is unjust and precarious; it involves killing, and dying of hunger; but at least it is founded, maintained, or resisted by men. In that order Camus had to live. That man on the move questioned us, was himself a question seeking its reply; he lived *in the middle of a long life;* for us, for him, for the men who maintain order and for those who reject it, it was important for him to break his silence, for him to decide, for him to conclude. Some die in old age while others, forever on reprieve, may die at any minute without the meaning of their life, of life itself, being changed. But for us, uncertain, without a compass, our best men *had* to reach the end of the tunnel. Rarely have the nature of a man's work and the conditions of the historical moment so clearly demanded that a writer go on living.

I call the accident that killed Camus a scandal because it suddenly projects into the center of our human world the absurdity of our most fundamental needs. At the age of twenty, Camus, suddenly afflicted with a malady that upset his whole life, discovered the Absurd—the senseless negation of man. He became accustomed to it, he *thought out* his unbearable condition, he came through. And yet one is tempted to think that only his first works tell the truth about his life, since that invalid once cured is annihilated by an unexpected death from the outside.

The Absurd might be that question that no one will ask him now, that he will ask no one, that silence that is not even a silence now, that is absolutely *nothing* now.

I don't think so. The moment it appears, the inhuman becomes a part of the human. Every life that is cut off—even the life of so young a man—is at one and the same time a phonograph record that is broken and a complete life. For all those who loved him, there is an unbearable absurdity in that death. But we shall have to learn to see that mutilated work as a total work. Insofar as Camus' humanism contains a *human* attitude toward the death that was to take him by surprise, insofar as his proud and pure quest for happiness implied and called for the *inhuman* necessity of dying, we shall recognize in that work and in the life that is inseparable from it the pure and victorious attempt of one man to snatch every instant of his existence from his future death.

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Cage Without Bars

FRED GRUNFELD

IN MODERN PAINTING the race has already gone to the swift—to the quick brush and the quart can of enamel that dribbles casually across the canvas. The avant-garde now functions as a duly recognized academy, supported by curators, collectors, and critics. In music, however, developments tend to lag just a little behind events in the sister arts. Since music is subject to so many technical limitations, the automatists have had trouble deciding where to begin: you can't just spatter notes on manuscript paper with a spray gun because, for one thing, a spray gun's range is wider than a trumpet's.

The only truly spontaneous composer I know of was Domenico Scarlatti's cat, whom he once caught walking on the keys of his clavier, thereby providing the theme of the celebrated "Cat's Fugue." Still we must clearly count this as a case of cat proposes, man disposes. Some of our best-trained modern composers envy that cat her casualness, her lack of creative inhibitions. Like their colleagues of the paintbrush, the musical avant-gardists regard chance as their most valuable ally and invoke it as fervently as ever a romantic prayed for inspiration from the muses.

THE FOREMOST creator of music by accident, a middle-aging Californian named John Cage, dramatically introduced this concept about ten years ago, at a Columbia University concert. He himself conducted the history-making first performance of "Imaginary Landscape No. 4," a work scored for twelve table-model radios. Two players were assigned to each radio, one to tune from station to station, the other to turn the volume up or down on cue. In the random counterpoint of words and music that emerged we heard a fragment of some commercial, a few bars of jazz, a snippet of news commentary, and so forth, all cunningly intermixed in strict time to Cage's pontifical beat. This fortuitous chorus may not have made everyone happy, but at least we left the hall knowing that we had undergone a unique experience, that it would never happen again in just the same way.

Reduced to its essentials, Cage's argument for his unpredictable music proceeds from the premise that the world is full of sounds, some of them intentional but mostly accidental—traffic noises, steam knocking in the radiator, thunder rolling out of the sky. A composer may try to organize random sounds, or he may devise new ways of letting them speak for themselves. He may become a creator of opportunities, a manipulator of accidents. In practice this may mean shifting much of the responsibility onto the performer's shoulders, thus relinquishing the composer's hard-won control over what occurs in the concert hall.

In Cage's recent "Concert for Piano and Orchestra," for instance, the piano part contains a folio of eighty-four different passages shuffled like a deck of cards, and the soloist "is free to play any elements of his choice, wholly or in part and in any sequence. The orchestral accompaniment may involve any number of players on more or fewer instruments, and a given performance may be extended or shorter in length." The haphazardness of this method reflects Cage's preoccupation with the three-thousand-year-old Chinese *Book of Changes,* the *I Ching,* in which—according to translator Richard Wilhelm—"Attention centers not on things in their state of being, as is chiefly the case in the Occident, but upon their movements in change." For an esoteric composer, the *I Ching* has the further advantages of obscurity, ambiguity, and endorsement by C. G. Jung.

In May, 1958, Cage and his friends gave a twenty-five-year retrospective concert of his works at Town Hall, and the proceedings were documented on tape by George Avakian, a veteran jazz authority and recording director. As a special labor of love he has just released a special three-record set containing the entire concert, including a generous admixture of catcalls and applause. (Priced at $25, the albums are available directly from the producer, at 10 West Thirty-third Street, New York.) In the most comprehensive program notes ever compiled for contemporary recordings, Cage explains their background in detail; in every aspect the booklet and records are a milestone for the experimental wing of modern music.

But the proof of the pudding, after all, rests not in Cage's elaborate theorizing but simply in the hearing of his pieces. As a matter of fact, most of them stand up extraordinarily well under repeated listening—the clangorous music for electronic carillon, for example, or the fragile sonatas for "prepared" piano, performed by Maro Ajemian, that ring fascinating changes on faintly Oriental themes—like an atavistic memory of a gamelan gong. Cage's heavier-footed experiments of the 1930's sound contrived by comparison, and his "Williams Mix" for tape recorder is a skittish and superficial affair. But if you will go to the trouble of sitting down with the retrospective and meet it about halfway, chances are that you will at least, as Thurber would say, be amused by its presumption.

A YOUNG Cage disciple, Morton Feldman, has just appeared on his first LP (Columbia ML 5403, $4.98) with works bearing titles that might have come straight out of the Guggenheim: "Intersection 3," "Extension 1," "Projection 4," and so forth. Feldman, too, advocates the overthrow of fixed notation and promotes accidents to the best of his ability. The program notes explain that in some instances he employs "unpredictability reinforced by spontaneity . . . what [the performer] plays is not dictated beyond the graph 'control'—the range of a given passage and its temporal area and division are indicated, but the actual notes heard must come from the performer's response to the musical situation." The actual notes heard on this record, unfortunately, sound hopelessly coarse if not downright inept, and I am somewhat at a loss to find the responsible party. It has not yet occurred to either Cage or Feldman to let us know what they think of the outcome when the

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Well, not *really* backwards. That's just said figuratively. And that photograph above isn't really them. It's posed by professional models. Mr. & Mrs. Corlis aren't in it at all. They're down at Berlitz . . . learning to speak French.

To begin at the beginning we'd have to go back to the day the Corlises first decided to combine business with pleasure and visit France. It was a very exciting day indeed. Mr. Corlis' promotion came through and he hurried right home, his new paycheck in one hand, travel folders in the other.

The trip was wonderful; the most enjoyable few days they'd had in years. And the day they put in at Le Havre the air was clear, the sun was shining and their spirits were soaring. Everything was fine—except for the language that the people were speaking. The Corlises were soon to discover that it was French, the native language of France and the one item they had overlooked in making their plans.

They had a nice enough time overseas because France is great and how wrong can you go even if you don't know the language. But they could have enjoyed it so much more had they only devoted some time to learning to speak French.

The Corlises are not as odd as they may seem. For at Berlitz we have been unearthing a strange but totally true fact. *More people come to us after they have returned from abroad than come to us before they depart.* It is an interesting item and we can only guess at the reasons. First: we assume that they all realize that they could have derived more pleasure from their jaunt had they learned the language before leaving. Second: we expect that they plan to return abroad and do not want to make the same mistake twice. And third: they may have taken back home with them a menu or two that they'd like to understand a little better.

Whatever their reasons, we are always glad to see people come to us to learn a new language . . . for we can teach them faster, more inexpensively and more enjoyably than anyone else. Our graduates number over ten and a half million. And our "Berlitz Method" is world-renowned. We could go on and on like this, enumerating the various reasons why individuals and corporations choose to learn through the "Berlitz Method," but that's getting away from the subject of Mr. & Mrs. Walter Corlis.

As we stated earlier, they're happily learning French at Berlitz. Their instructor is a native of France and they are learning proper accents as well as the customs of the land. They are learning to "think" in French as well as to "speak" in French. And the entire process is absolutely painless. No unnecessary grammar rules, no tedious drills. They are planning to go to France again someday and when they do they will be prepared.

. . . And so will the couple in the above photograph. They are Mr. & Mrs. George Perkinson. They are professional models, true, and when we hired them for this photograph they were planning to leave for Spain without learning the language first. But by the time you read this, the Perkinsons will be well on their way toward learning Spanish a la Berlitz. Pretty good typecasting, no?

If you are pointing your feet abroad may we suggest that the first few steps you take be in our direction. Our schools are listed on the opposite page and, very probably, there is one near you. Drop by when you have a chance—an informal chat with a Berlitz instructor might well convince you that you can better enjoy that overseas voyage if you *first* learn the language of the land you'll be visiting. If nothing else, you will learn to say, in the proper accent, the correct foreign translations of such important phrases as: "I am carrying no contraband," "I didn't order bluefish," "Which way to the American Consulate?" . . . and others.

For business or pleasure . . . people who go places go to

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performers go to work on their chance music; is it all the same to them whether the player has a headache, the piano is out of tune, or someone just makes an ordinary, unpremeditated mistake? "I find each performance definitive," Cage writes confidently about the risky "Concert for Piano and Orchestra." Nonsense! It should be possible for a composer of his stripe to admit, "Boys, tonight that was awful!" Even Scarlatti's cat must have had her off days.

Putting the Bite on Sebastian

JAY JACOBS

If the film translation by Tennessee Williams and Gore Vidal of *Suddenly, Last Summer,* Mr. Williams's most hysterical view thus far of what he seems to consider a bitch-eat-dog world, is a reasonable facsimile of the original play, and if Mr. Williams is—as many people claim—our leading dramatist, Lord help the American theater. As the picture opens, the hero, a sensitive young neurosurgeon named Cukrowicz is performing the *spécialité de la maison,* a lobotomy, in an antiquated Southern lunatic asylum. Halfway through the operation, the balcony of the surgical theater begins to fall apart and the lights fail. Our neurosurgeon (played by Montgomery Clift) finishes the job as best he can, and then lets the hospital's chief administrator have a piece of *his* frontal lobe, in the course of which he threatens to clear out, bag and stethoscope, unless the situation is remedied. The remedy, it seems, like Prosperity—the story is set in 1937—is just around the corner: the widow Venable, the richest woman in town, has indicated a desire to see Dr. Cukrowicz that very afternoon on an "urgent matter" and, in return for whatever services she may require of him, should be only too willing to fork over the million dollars needed to build a new clinic.

On his arrival at the Venable mansion (a prop man's Roman holiday), Dr. Cukrowicz is informed by a waspish housekeeper that he is twenty-three seconds early. Approximately twenty-one seconds later, Mrs. Venable descends, trilling, in an elevator resembling an eighteenth-century Neapolitan bird cage, and turns out to be Katharine Hepburn and as dotty as she is freckled. Mrs. Venable suggests that she and the doctor take a turn in her late son Sebastian's garden, a half acre of tossed salad that looks, to her, like the "dawn of creation," and, to me, like a left-over set from an old Tarzan movie. Sebastian's hobby apparently had progressed well beyond the African violet stage before he succumbed—"suddenly, last summer"—to what his mother doth protest too much was a heart attack. Among his more exotic greens are ferns of the type that provided fodder for the dinosaurs, and a Venus's flytrap to which Mrs. Venable serves high tea (consisting of insects "flown in at great expense") under Dr. Cukrowicz's bemused gaze. This, as it happens, is the first shot in a sustained barrage of bizarre gastronomical images.

After some lengthy exposition regarding her dead son (a young man of monstrous refinement who gave birth to one poem each summer, after the traditional nine-month period of gestation), Mrs. Venable's urgent matter, it develops, concerns her niece Catherine. This young lady, it seems, was touring Europe with Sebastian, in his mother's stead, when he gave up his fastidious ghost, and the experience has set her so far off her rocker that she is given to "babbling obscenities" and sexually assaulting septuagenarian gardeners. Poor Catherine—not to mention the impoverished Lions Head Asylum—would be a lot better off, Mrs. Venable intimates, if our hero could be persuaded to carve up her head. Mrs. Venable, every inch her son's mother, puts this a bit more lyrically, of course, in a brief hymn to "the sharp knife in the mind that kills the devil in the soul."

Poor Catherine (Elizabeth Taylor), a young woman strikingly well in

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body if not in mind, is taken under Dr. Cukrowicz's wing, and a period of intensive therapy begins. This consists largely of the doctor's batting his big blue eyes ("like Sebastian's") at his patient's, and plying her with enough anachronistically white-packaged Lucky Strikes to smoke the devil out of her soul. Mrs. Venable takes a dim view of these proceedings and lets Dr. Cukrowicz know, in no uncertain terms, that unless he quits stalling and starts pruning Catherine's scrambled intellect, he can forget all about the proposed Sebastian Venable memorial clinic. Mrs. Venable has already pressured Catherine's mother and brother—a couple of supernumeraries from *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*—into agreeing to the operation by dangling a hundred thousand dollars before their noses. It seems there's this will left by Sebastian and —oh, the hell with it.

DR. CUKROWICZ, whose interest in his patient has by this time become something more than merely professional, is reluctant to take unto himself a lobotomized bride, and pleads for more time. He is given only a few hours, but they are sufficient, apparently, to allow him (in consultation, I assume, with Drs. Williams and Vidal) to dream up a really magnificent solution to his dilemma: he pumps his inamorata full of "truth serum" (of whose existence the rest of the medical world was unaware in 1937), and out gushes the whole grisly, frenetically illustrated story of how, suddenly, last summer, Sebastian grew restless, and how the sun was like the eye of God and everything was white and suddenly last summer Sebastian wasn't young any more and everything was white and Sebastian made Elizabeth Taylor a procuress of starving young boys, forcing her to wear a scandalous swim suit (white) she wouldn't have dreamed of wearing if there were no photographers present and the sun was a big white bone in the sky and everything was white—WHITE!—(white), it was all *white* (white, all right) and Cousin Sebastian didn't die of a heart attack at all, but was served up, buffet style, at an impromptu picnic staged by a group of the afore-mentioned starving boys at a Spanish resort.

BOOKS

No Sky for Renaud

ALFRED KAZIN

WARRIOR'S REST, by Christiane Rochefort. Translated from the French by Lowell Blair. *David McKay. $3.75.*

A young Parisienne is in a provincial town to claim an inheritance. At the hotel, she opens the wrong room and discovers a suicide attempt. The man is taken to the hospital in time, and the young woman, visiting him out of a sense of duty, finds herself physically so fascinated by a man who constantly spews out his contempt for everything and everyone that she moves him into her Paris flat, gives up her studies, and goes through most of her capital keeping him in drink.

Renaud is not just an alcoholic; he is a brilliant and devastating unbeliever who, brought back to life by Geneviève against his will, feels that it is up to her to keep him alive. If she doesn't, he will simply go under again, and without the slightest concern. And since he can barely

be bothered to get out of bed, he is constantly accessible to the mistress in whom he has awakened a capacity for violent passion. Renaud jeeringly makes love to her as if anything else were too much trouble.

SUICIDAL, drunk, and cynically lecherous, Renaud is the "warrior" of the title—a warrior for the hard truth against the softening illusions, a warrior personifying the human condition in our day against those who would minimize its bitterness. And the real jolt of the story is that the warrior is brought low, brought to his "rest," by the mistress who despite all her abandon with him and her boundless sympathy for him cannot help but betray a skepticism she cannot share. This acidulous little novel, which was a best-seller in France and has largely been ignored here, goes to the heart of a quarrel that seems to be on in all countries just now, between the angries and the squares. In France this quarrel tends to dwell with more deliberate bitterness on the emptiness of contemporary life than it does in the United States—where Renaud would promptly be packed off to a psychiatrist and saved by the love of a good woman, or at least by a passionate one. In this book Renaud is not "saved" but surrendered; he even helps to surrender himself by falling in love with the woman when he can no longer keep up his anger with the world. After the last jolting paragraph, you are meant to go back to the book and to recognize that it is the woman's unwearying stress on love and desire that robs him of his anger, of his unwearying complaint against man's lot. "My love is stronger than you, Renaud. The finish line is coming closer and closer, and that's why you are so panicky, you're kicking out in all directions. Do whatever you like, you won't wear out my patience, and you'll consent to happiness at last; soon you and I will find peace, we'll rest. We'll rest."

There is no belief stronger in America just now than that love is best. In fact, there is virtually no other belief. But it is an old European conviction that what is decisive is man's relationship to transcendent truth—to the gods, when there are any—and not what Americans now value as the "security" of being loved. This first conviction (which may help to explain why current French novels, though not great, are so much more interesting than current American ones) makes Christiane Rochefort's novel particularly telling. For the warrior is as a human being utterly impossible, loathsome, and "difficult," yet you are meant to recognize what he is fighting for even when he seems just to be fighting everyone. The hypocrisy of our civilization on the brink of possible world disaster re-

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volts him, but the increasing meaninglessness of a life lived in mindless self-absorption terrifies him. What makes the story so biting is the fact that the woman won to him by his very intransigence, by the immobility that expresses his contempt and despair, nevertheless destroys him with a love that is unconsciously selfish because she lacks his principles.

THIS IS a brilliant novel rather than an important one; it is brilliant in the testimony given to Renaud, whose speeches denouncing contemporary life run away with the book, and brilliant in the rhythm and pace of the narrative. It is nimble, amazingly rapid and subtle in the way the story springs out of the heroine's thoughts; and because the hero is deliberately powerless everywhere but in bed, it brings much forgotten humor back to the act of sex. Artistically, it lacks extension, reverberation, the sounds of humanity moving about in the world; it is *small*, like so many good novels of today content to tell a single story well. But it is truly a contemporary novel, a novel that speaks to our condition—one might almost say to our hidden condition.

The difference between Renaud and those "beat" characters whom he would seem to resemble in being "difficult" is that Renaud is dying of what ails him. His intelligence has been stricken, one could say insulted, by the lack of significance, of depth in which to move—a lack covered up by a postwar generation anxious to swill up the brief moment of peace it may have. Renaud's mistress, telling the story, cries out: "Who ever heard of a madman with all his wits about him? I couldn't understand him. A man couldn't live that way . . . There was no sky for him, no outside. Time didn't flow, the days didn't follow one another, there was only one homogeneous, continuous day, one indefinite hour that wiped away everything as it passed; his life left no trail, he was always dying and forgetting himself along the way . . . I had him constantly, yet it seemed to me that I possessed nothing." He touches her, but she cannot help him. One day, when she allows him to walk out on her, she panics and

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finally catches sight of him at a crossing: "He'd stopped. He didn't know which of the four directions to take. He didn't know where to go. The earth was round. Round. He had nothing. He had no one. He stayed there. He might die there." Here is a woman utterly possessed by sexual passion for a man she has constantly but who tells her: ". . . sex isn't important to me. Don't look surprised, it's obvious. If anything is absent from me it's sexuality. It means nothing to me. What matters in an orgy is the god, not the pleasure, and the god was always absent."

WHAT MAKES the novel too tight, a brilliant demonstration rather than a moving narrative, is the fact that since it is told by the woman herself, she can convey only her own changes of mood, of thoughts. She communicates her humanity but we see the leading character only through her—a woman voraciously in love—and so we miss his humanity and get only his intelligence. Once in a while the irony of her own eventual betrayal of him comes through, as when she complains that "he went on sinking as though I'd sacrificed nothing." For the rest, we see him from a distance; as if in his rages, his drunkenness, his sloth, he appeared improbable to us, an "idea" rather than a human being, an idea that she possessed and one that eventually she will crush. But the ideas themselves, as Renaud speaks them, are the passion of truth, and it has taken the fine French hand of Christiane Rochefort to find words for the complex disgust that may fill an intelligent man in this year of our Lord:

"Ah, snows of yesteryear that never were and never will be! The snow was warm in those days, I was there. But those days never were, and we won't go back to the source because there was no source; the rivers come from the sea and Bach is dead. I won't survive him . . . The whole conscience of the world is gathered here, but it's only useless love without an object, hopeless love, a drop of water in the desert, now do you understand at last why I get so thirsty? . . . I'm very tired. Rest me. You're the warrior's rest, the cowardly warrior's rest, the slacker's. . . . I want to sleep-die, and a woman is the best way to do that. Love is a kind of euthanasia . . .

". . . I'm resigning from the job of being an idealist in a vacuum. You can't keep grace without faith, my love, it was an illusion . . . hope can't be invented. . . . I'm tired of playing the part of a fugitive whose place is nowhere, I want . . . to enter the Great Washing Machine; help me, you know how it's done."

A Cool Sociological Eye

IRVING KRISTOL

POLITICAL MAN: THE SOCIAL BASES OF POLITICS, by Seymour Martin Lipset. *Doubleday. $4.95.*

Most American social scientists seem to have the progressive itch. They are fascinated by social change, negligent of social stability. Professor Lipset of the University of California is an exception to this rule: his is a cool sociological eye. Perhaps the most striking feature of *Political Man* is its serenity of temper and objectivity of view. For here the authoritarian-minded worker and the upper-class socialist are neither a teasing conundrum nor a methodological nuisance. Instead, they exemplify the complicated and unpredictable nature of man's involvement with the social world he has created. When Mr. Lipset examines political apathy in western democracy, he shuns censoriousness in favor of simple curiosity as to whether—and how—such apathy may or may not help popular government to work. Similarly, when he treats of bureaucracy in public and private organizations, he is as much concerned with the way it mediates conflict and makes for coherence and order as with the danger it represents by reason of its constituting a "power elite." And in all this there is no trace of cynicism. Mr. Lipset is a democrat (he is also clearly a Democrat), but he obviously feels political man to be a somewhat larger creature than any one political system can comprehend.

MR. LIPSET'S SPECIALTY is comparative analysis. He will not allow any generalization about American society or American politics, any set of statistics from opinion polls or electoral surveys, to pass without invoking the relevant evidence on the matter from Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Japan, and just about everywhere that sociologists have been at work. This procedure is a bit tedious at times, but it leads to many arresting discoveries:

¶ The rate of social mobility—i.e., the movement by children from the working-class and lower-status occupations of their parents to "white-collar" or higher-status jobs—is about the same (thirty per cent) in the United States, Britain, Germany, Sweden, Japan, and France. Social mobility seems to have more to do with the simple fact of industrialization than with anything else. Where the United States does differ from these other countries is that more Americans than the facts justify *believe* their children will be better off than themselves, whereas elsewhere *fewer* believe this than the facts justify. The explanation for this disparity seems to be connected with the greater total wealth of the United States, which makes for a more homogeneous and "classless" life style. Once a certain average level of income is passed, it is not easy for one class to differentiate itself from those beneath it. Visibility declines, and with it envy. The American who owns a motorboat and a summer home is not, to look at him, of an obviously higher class than the man who does not. The moral—as Mr. Harold Macmillan has only recently demonstrated—is that if you wish to dampen the class struggle in politics, it is more effective to increase the national income than to try to distribute it more equally.

¶ When we talk of social mobility, we are inclined to think only of upward mobility. But in the United States today, one-third of the sons of professionals, semi-professionals, proprietors, managers, and public offi-

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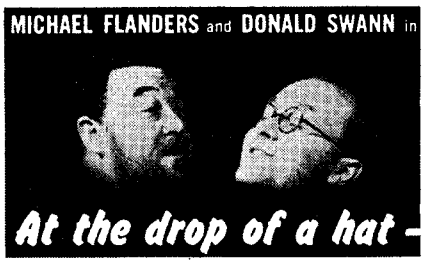

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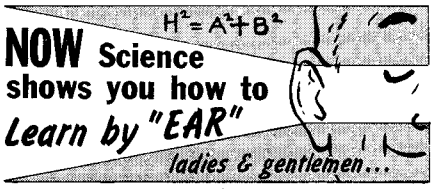

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cials are in manual employment. In general, members of this declassed group are enchanted by remembrance of things past and are more likely to vote the way their fathers did than the way their workmates do. They are a profoundly conservative element in society. So, of course, are the upwardly mobile, who desert the party of their fathers for the more "respectable" favorite of their new associates. The inference here is: if you want a conservative modern society, keep people moving—the fact of movement itself is, within reasonable limits, more important than its direction.

¶ The greatest single gift to conservatism in Europe has been the woman's vote, which liberals and socialists fought so hard for, and which the conservatives resisted so stoutly. The majority of the voters for Adenauer and de Gaulle are women. On the basis of a purely male suffrage practically all of Europe would be socialist (or even Communist) today. In this country, on the other hand, women appear to vote no differently from men—why, nobody knows.

¶ The "free market in ideas" is doubtless a necessary condition of democracy, but it also has a most peculiar relation to it. Thus, it is a demonstrable fact that the more a voter is exposed to conflicting opinions and pressures, the less likely he is to vote at all. This mainly affects the working class—businessmen tend to read papers whose editorial line they agree with, have colleagues whose ideas are congenial to (if not identical with) their own, and in general have as little to do with a genuinely free market in ideas as with a genuinely free market in commodities. There are two interesting corollaries to this proposition:

(1) Voting districts where two parties compete but which are predominantly in favor of one of the parties are likelier to have a larger turnout on election day than those which are more evenly balanced.

(2) The more open the class structure of a society, the more politically apathetic its working class. Electoral surveys in all western countries agree on the fact that children who remain in the same social class as their fathers are more likely to vote than children who have moved either up or down—these people on the move are especially exposed to cross-pressures of value and opinion. Of course when they do vote, as we have seen, they tend to be a conservative element.

¶ If a man is opposed to *both* big business and big labor, he is more likely to support a fascist party (or a McCarthy) than if he is a supporter of *either* big business or big labor. Fascism is distinctively the politics of nostalgia.

¶ Public-opinion polls in all western countries show that the working class and the poor people as a whole are much more inclined to like the idea of a one-party system than are the well-to-do.

¶ The most important single factor in predicting whether an American voter will actually cast his ballot is the size of his income. The more money he makes, the more probable it is he will vote. The property qualification for suffrage is still with us, informally.

¶ Where the Communist Parties of Western Europe are large, they get most of their support from the poorest and least-educated section of the working class; where such parties are small, their membership is mainly composed of the skilled and better-paid workers.

¶ A dose of unemployment lasts a lifetime. People who have been unemployed for any significant period are to the "left" of those who have not—and they remain that way until their dying day, regardless of the good things that might happen to them subsequently. Any political party in office that tolerates large-scale unemployment for as much as a year can forfeit its electoral chances for a generation.

THERE IS MORE of the kind throughout this book. Special mention must be made of the chapter on the politics and status of American intellectuals; it is a little gem of sociological inquiry, full of surprises and good sense. Mr. Lipset can get blood from a stone, political meaning from what to the observer looks like the most sterile sociological report. That is, one supposes, because he is a sociologist whose main interest appears to be society rather than the methodology of sociology itself. A rare and pleasing phenomenon.

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Shadows on the Ivied Wall

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND FEDERAL RESEARCH, by Charles V. Kidd. *Harvard. $6.*

"The central thesis of this book," writes the author, "is that large-scale federal financing of research has set in motion irreversible forces that are affecting the nature of universities, altering their capacity to teach, changing their financial status, modifying the character of parts of the federal administrative structure, establishing new political relations, and changing the way research itself is organized."

Federal research funds supplied to universities have about doubled in the past five years to the present level of almost $500 million a year. In 1959 fifteen to twenty per cent of the operating income of our universities came from Federal research funds. More than seventy per cent of the research they conducted was financed by the Federal government. Ninety-five per cent of Federal research funds go to the three fields of the life and physical sciences and engineering.

There is nothing optional about these programs. If an institution wishes to keep its faculty, it had better get the research money to keep it busy. "Most universities are not in fact free to reject all federal research funds. They must perform the research and take the consequences."

Dr. Kidd, head of the Office of Research Planning of the National Institutes of Health, has written a lively, shrewd, and honest book about these consequences. He finds they are many and mixed, but on the whole very good indeed.

AS A RESULT of the massive infusion of government money, Dr. Kidd claims, university research in the physical sciences has become vastly more extensive, more creative, and more dynamic than ever. The individual has not been lost in the team; basic research (that new object of anxious concern to beleaguered humanists) has not been abandoned in the search for immediate results; graduate students are better trained; laboratories are well equipped. No one's professional freedom has really been abridged. For many it has in fact been extended.

This generally happy state appears to arise largely from the personal qualities of the administrators and scientists who have handled the programs. Not only does Dr. Kidd find the physical scientists to be statistically a more intelligent lot than the social scientists, but he feels they possess greater political skills for getting what they want out of university and government administrations. The five Federal agencies that disburse ninety-five per cent of the research funds have been heavily colonized by scientists from university research programs so that a network of personal relations has grown up between those who purchase the research and those who perform it, whether the government is acting as a patron of learning or merely a buyer of blueprints.

There are problems, of course. The objectives of the government and the universities are not identical: the former will always tend to be more interested in practical re-

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International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

David Dubinsky, President

MEMO TO: Max Ascoli, Editor, THE REPORTER MAGAZINE

FROM: Gus Tyler, Director, ILGWU Training Institute

Subject: A CAREER WITH A CHALLENGE.

Your readers, especially those under the age of 35, have been a source of talent, inspiration and raw material for us during the last few years. Each year, we have heard from your readers in response to our appeal for dedicated young men and women to work in the labor movement.

We are convinced that in every generation there is a segment of young people who would like to play a courageous and active role in changing the shape of things, and we are therefore renewing our invitation to a career that others—in this decade—have found a rewarding way of life.

The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union conducts its own "West Point," to prepare young men and women for careers in labor leadership. The one-year course combines classroom and field work. Those who complete the course are assigned to a full-time job with the union.

With the job comes the challenge—to provide the kind of dedicated and ethical leadership that will make the American labor movement the creative social force it seeks to be.

The Training Institute is now in its tenth year. 140 of its graduates now hold union office in the ILGWU. Virtually all started as organizers—to learn the labor movement at the grass roots. While some continue at this mission as their first and enduring love, others branch out to take on responsibilities as business agents, local union managers, educational and political directors, area supervisors, time study experts, etc.

There is nothing soft or cushy about any of these jobs. But then we are not looking for young people who want the easy plush life. We want those who will enjoy the sting of challenge.

To these, we open the doors of the Institute. Write before April 15: ILGWU Training Institute, 1710 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

sults than is good for the latter's concern with fundamental knowledge. Government disbursing officers will never feel easy about professors wandering idly on the outer reaches of knowledge; they keep asking for vouchers and progress reports. Dr. Kidd notes that "The complaint of university people is not that the system results in the federal control of research, but that it makes them feel as if they were being nibbled to death by mice." But most of the problems are in the area where research and education meet. There is, for instance, a serious question of who will teach if everyone researches. There is the more serious one of who will teach at the small institutions where no one researches.

Dr. Kidd is confident that these problems can be solved and makes a number of convincing suggestions for doing so. But problems that may not appear serious from the point of view of whether they *can* be solved often seem quite serious if the question is, *will* they be solved? The report of the President's Scientific Research Board on *Science and Public Policy*, which Dr. Kidd helped prepare, considered many of these problems, and proposed many of the same solutions—thirteen years ago. Its proposals in the field of research, such as the establishment of a National Science Foundation, have been largely adopted, but little has been done about its fundamental proposal to relate research to a general program of education assistance—comprehensive scholarship aid, brick-and-mortar assistance, support for weaker but promising institutions, *et al.* The Federal research program, despite its profound effects upon higher education, continues to be operated simply as a research program.

This makes it hard to accept Dr. Kidd's conclusion that the experience of Federal support for research creates a "bright" prospect that general Federal aid for higher education can be provided without restricting the freedom of the universities. Scientists have been protected from political interference by a respect for their professional competence (and a conviction, warranted or not, that sooner or later their work has practical results) that is not given their colleagues in the social sciences and the humanities. Even the scientists' pres-

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ent prosperity is in some measure the result of a political aberration, if not indeed a political fraud. The budget of the National Science Foundation, for example, was tripled following the ascent of Sputnik I, as part of a general effort to persuade ourselves that the political failure of the Eisenhower administration to do the things necessary to beat Russians into the heavens was in some way a scientific failure, having to do with things like the state of basic research and the quality of graduate schools.

THERE is simply no reason to suppose that because research scientists have been left free to smash atoms that liberal-arts professors would be given the same license to smash stereotypes--which is what so much of the best teaching comes to. The prospects are not improved by the fact that our political-science faculties, for one example, are as overwhelmingly of one party as our press is of the other: a situation that inevitably incites mistrust and interference from conservatives. Dr. Kidd himself concedes that "If general federal aid to higher education had been in force over the period 1951-1956, the freedom of American universities would have been seriously threatened."

The one bit of direct Federal aid to education we do have is the National Defense Education Act, and with it came the loyalty affidavit. In the course of the hearings on the act one congressman interrupted the head of the U.S. Office of Education to say: "Commissioner, its all very well what you propose to do for these bright kids. But what is being done for the C students like me who run this country?" That indeed is a major problem—but letting them run the universities as well is not the solution. Of course Dr. Kidd proposes no such thing, but that is where we can end up unless we proceed with the greatest caution and consciousness of danger.

A Question of Code

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE FEATHERS OF DEATH, by Simon Raven. *Simon and Schuster. $3.75.*

Love sends the warrior gaily charging into combat, his lady's ribbon fluttering from his lance; or on occasion love induces a warrior to bid farewell to arms. Love's effects are as contradictory as its nature. The Greeks . . . but no, not yet; all too soon a reference to the Greeks will become mandatory. Consider then instead the Egyptians, or at least

Verdi's Egyptians; look what love did to General Radames: he betrayed and entered the sweet-sounding tomb. Remember what love did to General Othello, the Moor of Venice. Or to the lowly Spanish corporal Don José. In this moving and moral first novel by a young Englishman, there are warriors and love—but no lady. And still love manages to kill. Love that walks in fragrant gardens, admired by all, moves also, distraught, ravaging, and lost, through strange mistaken valleys.

Or across the hills of Kenya, for that is where the British regiment Martock's Foot had been posted to contain native revolutionary attacks. Officered by the product of the better public schools, commanded by Colonel Lord Nicholas Sanvoisin, this regiment of dismounted cavalry possessed not only a long and gallant battle tradition—"Of Cavalier and West Country origin . . . it had been raised by a certain Lord Martock during the Civil War," and the great Duke of Wellington himself had praised it in one of his stuffier and flatter statements—but also standards that were "liberal, tolerant, civilized and worldly." "Our men," the narrator proceeds, "were by nature respectful, docile, loyal and, above all, responsive to kindness . . ." "As is usual in regiments where most officers have reckonable social standing quite

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Now a professional educator offers a radically different and uncommonly lucid program for clearing up the muddled issue of educational "reform." The prime change he advocates is the establishment of *one* coherent decision-making structure in public education—a structure in the hands of teachers, empowered to establish uniform standards for the teaching profession, to correct the primitive employer-employee relationships between school boards and teachers, and to curb excesses of near-sacred "local control" that merely foster incompetence.

Why this system is necessary, how it will function to improve our schools, and the ways in which it contradicts the theories of Conant, Rickover, Woodring, and others are fully detailed in

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"THE OUTCOME *of the steel strike relates directly to the generic irresolution of the American people—of which Modern Republicanism is the best expression. It is one thing to have a Truman, or even a J. K. Galbraith egg on the inflationists—a Truman simply doesn't understand; a Galbraith wants to play with inflation, as the sorcerer's apprentice wanted to play with magic; and there's nothing to do but wait until the hubris subsides. But with the Eisenhower Administration it is a case of pure and simple political sloth.*"

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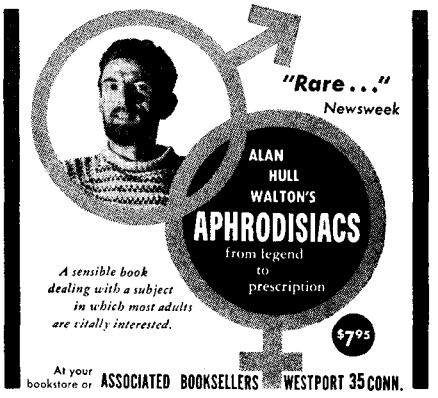
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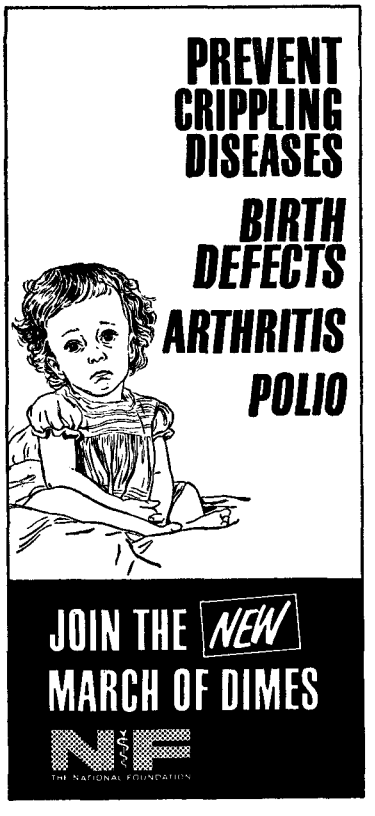
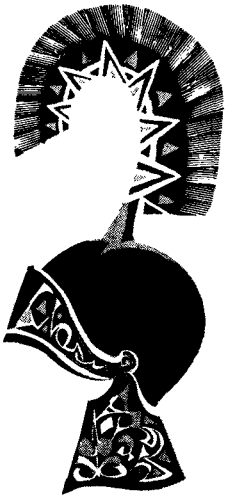


apart from their Army rank, relations between officers themselves were very informal. It was unthinkable, except on certain strict parade ground occasions, that any officer, however junior, should call a senior officer 'sir' . . . It was equally unthinkable that any senior officer should try to discipline his juniors when off duty or to interfere with their private affairs—unless his advice was called for. Thus we had none of the prying into mess bills, complaints about gambling, or investigations of sexual morals so common in the dowdier regiments."

Lieutenant Alastair Lynch was one of this delightful regiment's most decorative officers. At Harrow, he had been taught the values of wine by an Epicurean schoolmaster who was there as a misfit replacement during the war years, and consequently Alastair was saved from emerging "as one of the joyless little bullies so readily turned out at the time." At Sandhurst he passed through a trying period: "The trouble with Sandhurst lies in the moral and disciplinary side of the instruction. Military subjects are taught capably and broadly, academic subjects with sympathy and even liberality; but there is with all this nagging insistence on the Arnoldian virtues . . . much talk of keenness and responsibility . . . Literature, conversation and wine are thus at a discount." Alastair survived the bore of eighteen months' training and received his reward: admission at last to the civilized society of Martock's Foot, in which his commanding officer, showing supreme tact and generosity, always held the bank at cards so that when his officers lost they need never fear that they would be pressed for payment.

THE NARRATOR in this novel is a fellow officer, no angry young man. Tolerant and civilized, he is as proud of the regiment as anyone. It is, however, his unpleasant lot to become aware that a "relationship" has developed between Lieutenant Lynch and Private Harley, who has "proved responsive," if with the greatest reluctance, to a "kindness" that was something more. This relationship, of itself, he considers of course to be none of his business; but in the context of military life, at the moment a life constantly imperiled by armed and furious natives, it presents a threat, not one to be exaggerated, yet real, to morale (not morals). The narrator determines something must be done; he breaks the rules and speaks of the matter to the lieutenant. That is going as far as any officer can go, he feels. Possibly, in time, he will have to hint to Colonel Nicholas that perhaps it would be best to post young Harley to another company. The conversation would be painful; it would mean a rather delicate tightrope balancing between military duty and the regiment's code of behavior: one does not tell on friends. Time proves shorter than the narrator thinks. The natives attack, bravely and murderously. And now the dilemma is no longer the narrator's. It becomes Lieutenant Lynch's. It is his personal emotions now that must be weighed against a sudden challenge to courage and responsibility. In this task he is both victorious and defeated. Ultimately we are betrayed by what is false within. The story of this lost young man moves to its inevitable and just conclusion.

THE PRODIGIOUS SNOBBISHNESS of this novel is only matched and redeemed by its irony. Neither quality need divert the reader from the deep seriousness of the novelist's final, if negative, definition of love:



nothing is love in which a human being is made to serve as the mirror, only, of love. It may also be said that the mills of the gods grind exceedingly slow—even when the gods are Greek.

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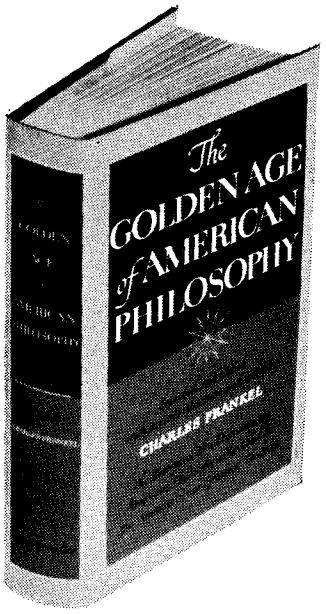

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REPORTER Puzzle 1

by HENRY ALLEN

A. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
158 122 99 76 55 159 73 83 6 54 147 118 100

Tells what 1 across did when B dropped out (5, 2, 3, 3).

B. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
173 69 101 8 61 96

A line on a weather map connecting places having equal duration of sunshine.

C. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
91 112 18 30 59 71 70

Figurative source of Soviet policy.

D. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
63 108 114 50 67 121 167 94 81

In speaking of his success, many a sentimental hero of fiction has said that he _____ to his mother (4, 2, 3).

E. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
77 88 110 19 107 169

Describing gadolinite or euxenite because of the presence of element with at. no. 39.

F. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
56 78 20 116 104 10 123 171

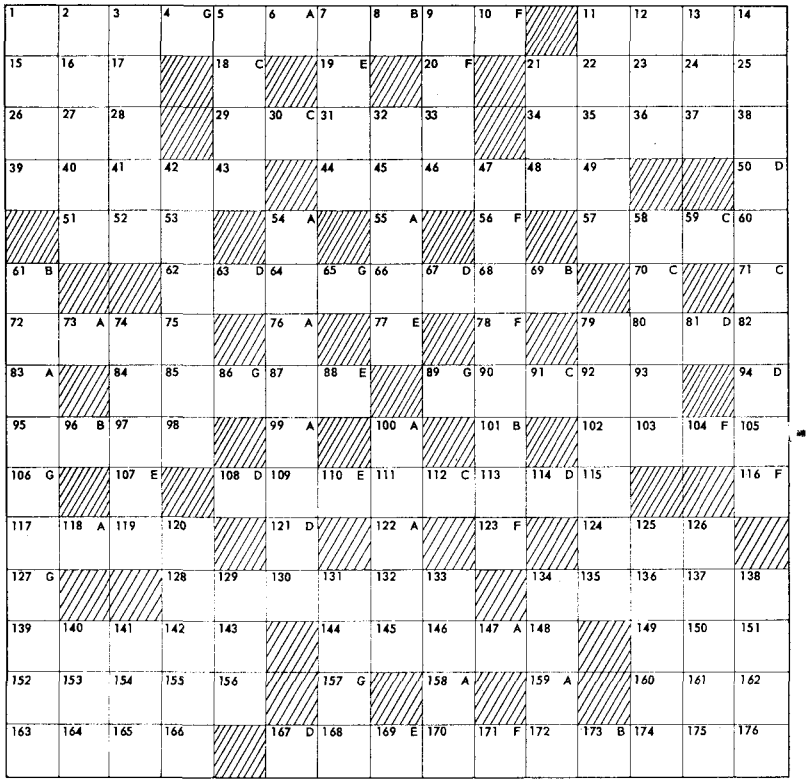
Given a baker's dozen, to get a score (3, 5).

G. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
106 86 65 4 157 89 127

"I agree with you that there is a _____ aristocracy among men."—Jefferson to John Adams, Oct. 28, 1813.

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out a prominent name (the Acrostician).



ACROSS

1. After 5 or hush! Heck, he's ahead of the Acrostician in U.S.S.R.
11. Fortunetellers read it by lamp of course.
15. Born in June '82.
21. Land from which no hens are chosen. (Alt. sp.)
26. A scrap of food from port beheaded.
29. I am at this celebrated musical instrument now.
34. Contemporary of Caesar in Cairo, Mantua, or Venice.
39. The West says 1 across _____ to get us entangled in these.
44. Former inhabitant of France before '99 and his art.
51. A Marshal of France put out of a London suburb.
57. Fraction the farmer finds in mash, alfalfa, and bran.
62. It's no can but it holds all.
72. Feature no sensible person is without.
79. Staff for this inhabitant of Stettin.
84. Measure not in Tarquin.
89. Tell one to inquire of the editor and inquired.
95. Astringent in general umbrage.
102. Exigency may become poverty.
108. Kingsley's babies grown up have become bargees.
117. Dogs worshiped in polytheistic religions.
124. In wet, cold, hungry, and so forth.
128. What does 1 across? Smooths.
134. I lead to this goal.
139. A good editorial? Yes, as a literary type.
144. Story of Indian farmers.
149. Title for wife or mistress in short.
152. Sounds like base of evil of course.
160. Wicker vessel used for catching lobsters or metal one used for cooking them.
163. Hardy heroine has become plural; female saint in short order.
167. Goings up, British possession in Atlantic and Ponape.

DOWN

1. Figurative problem sounds negative.
2. This bird is probably a hen since you can hear _____ T.V.
3. Make one down again in Tier E.
5. There are seven that rhyme with these.
7. Garcon up? No, no! Steep rock.
9. Reverse the tide? Amend.
11. Slang dog finds nothing in chop like Orphan Annie's Sandy.
12. Supply with weapons at start of army maneuvers.
13. Beer can be had where Wordsworth stood for visions less forlorn.
14. Senator and his family rather than a person's acres.
21. "Le dernier _____" in Celtic rites?
32. Between yesterday and tomorrow with the first of one and last of the other.
42. Take my clue for this Broadway theater.
47. Pass before more than one like a matinee idol.
54. Does being ever neat weaken one?
58. Not the poem it appears to be but in the current stream.
61. Enter slang and they get us in their toils.
74. Cuttlefish turns pounds sterling around.
79. Put behind bars and wrote here.
100. Elegant flower of the lowest class perhaps.
120. Little scraps or short gaiters.
125. The time of the poem to a "t".
126. Lili or Gigi on the screen. Leslie in life.
129. Cereal whiskey.
131. Errors, sans or sins.
133. More than one; therefore, me, too.
134. Sits for those who profess a system or cult.
138. I'm out of lists of these county-class ships in U.S. Navy.
140. A drunk from Officer Training School apparently.
141. But Eugene is not a girl!

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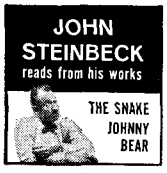
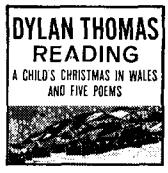
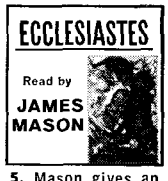


2. Two of the Pulitzer Prize-winner's more sinister stories



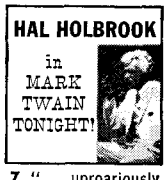
3. Includes: Fern Hill, In the White Giant's Thigh, etc.

4. A Mad Tea Party, The Pool of Tears, Pig and Pepper, etc.

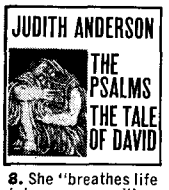


5. Mason gives an inspired reading of this biblical work

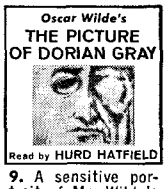
6. The Raven, Eldorado, Annabel Lee, The Black Cat, etc.



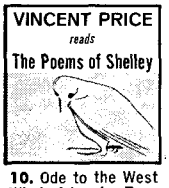
7. ". . . uproariously funny . . . pungently wise"—Time



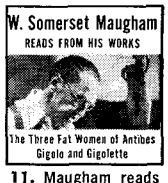
8. She "breathes life into every word" — Players Magazine



9. A sensitive portrait of Mr. Wilde's memorable character



10. Ode to the West Wind, Adonais, To a Skylark, 5 others



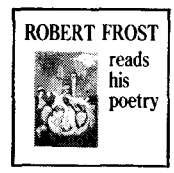
11. Maugham reads 2 of his most urbane, charming stories

24 & 25 Two-Record Set*

"The human side of Lincoln — depicted with love and tenderness"—NewYorkTimes

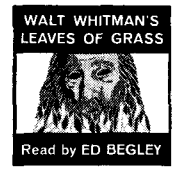
26 & 27 Two-Record Set*

A distinguished cast, lead by Michael Redgrave, re-enacts Shakespeare's immortal play

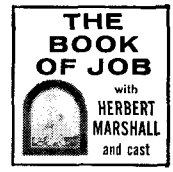


12. Witch of Coos, The Pasture, Death of a Hired Man, etc.

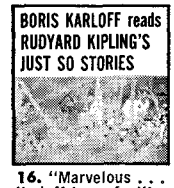
13. Selections from Childe Harold, Don Juan and others



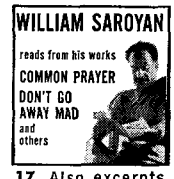
14. Begley vividly recreates this "portrait of America"



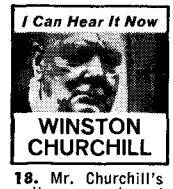
15. A brilliant dramatization of this epic biblical work



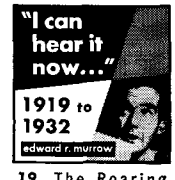
16. "Marvelous . . . Karloff is perfect"—High Fidelity



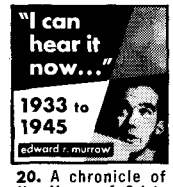
17. Also excerpts from Jim Dandy, Rock Wagram, etc.



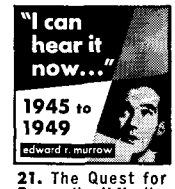
18. Mr. Churchill's entire career traced through his speeches



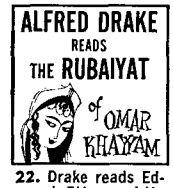
19. The Roaring 20's, Prohibition, The Depression, etc.



20. A chronicle of the Years of Crisis and World War II



21. The Quest for Peace, the U.N., the Rise of Communism



22. Drake reads Edward Fitzgerald's famous translation

23. Old King Cole, There Was a Crooked Man, many others

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